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WATCH AND STRIKE.

THE troubled waters of the Bulgarian problem remain as muddy as ever on the side of local affairs; but in the more important direction of general politics they are clearing slowly. It is becoming more and more evident that even the great influence of Prince BISMARCK is not sufficient to blind the Austrian people, if it is sufficient to induce the Austrian Government to admit the idea of a partition of the Balkan peninsula, in which Austria would have the most difficult and least profitable portion to conquer, and the result of which, even if it were carried out without immediate opposition, would be the exposure of a long and vulnerable flank to a powerful and perfectly unscrupulous neighbour. If the effect of meditation on the policy of pulling Russian chestnuts out of the fire is less perceptible in Germany, it is still perceptible there, and it must be remembered that the Germans, whatever their advances in other fields, are still very much in a stage of political nonage. The more they think of the scheme the less they are likely to be pleased by it. As for the further stories of an immediate reconciliation of France and Germany on the basis of a partition of the Netherlands, it can only be said that nothing is impossible. But, on the other hand, if the whole of Europe is to be thrown into one vast pot for the different Powers to dip in *au hasard de la fourchette*, several other things might happen than a peaceful division of the proceeds, not to mention that the mere mention of the word Antwerp is nearly enough. There are certain contingencies which, though they ought never to be left out of sight, need also never be taken into direct consideration, because they would so entirely alter the whole state of affairs that a clean slate and a fresh start would be necessary. And this of a general agreement between the four chief Continental Powers to annex great part of the rest of Europe is one of such contingencies. Statesmen can only deal with probable and more or less immediate combinations.

It is not uninteresting to examine the reception which the advocacy of a watching and waiting rather than a protesting and demonstrating policy on the part of England has met in England itself. Those who adopted it from the first certainly do not see less reason to abide by it as time passes, and they see least reason of all in the more or less hostile comments which have been made on it. These comments have come chiefly from two sources; the honest but not very clear-sighted partisans of a Turkish alliance (even, as it seems, when the Turks will have none of it) on the one side, and on the other some grandmotherly politicians who are flustered at a bolder and more intelligent interpretation of their own favourite policy of watching how the wind blows. The first deserve respectful treatment, but may be thought not to have fully grasped the facts of the situation, and the last have certainly grasped the facts of the situation still less. No one except a retained advocate of Russia, a mere blind Turcophobe, or a Radical of the younger and stupider school, thinks that England should "desert the SULTAN," or that Constantinople is of no importance to England, or that the opinion of the Mahometan populations of the East is a quantity which may be neglected. But as regards treaty obligations and the SULTAN's influence, the honest but rather near-sighted persons referred to above seem to forget that, as far as is known, the desires and the influence of the SULTAN by no means at this moment incline towards England. The incredibly silly conduct of the Turks in regard

to the English occupation of Egypt for some time past is scarcely a sign of that warm desire for English co-operation which seems to be imagined. Moreover, in the case which is supposed, the influence of the SULTAN with the Faithful is already estranged from England. If ABDUL HAMID were to display the much-talked-of standard of the Prophet, to summon Russia to give up her interference with Bulgaria at once, to summon England to help him to defend his capital to the last, matters would be in a very different condition, and here at least there would be little question what ought to be done. But of the hundreds of thousands of excellent soldiers whom Lord MELGUND urges as reasons for not deserting Turkey, many were drawn from recruiting grounds which have already passed from Turkish possession; and the rest are not, as far as is known, at England's disposal. We have to reckon in the case supposed, not with a friendly Turkey, but, to say the least, with a Turkey which is constantly calculating whether it is not worth while to take sides irrevocably with our worst enemies; and the calculation has to be made on our side what is to be done if the SULTAN does not return to a better mind, not what is to be done if he does. As for Constantinople, that it is still a British interest of the first order is shown by the mere fact, pointed out last week, that we must go to the expense of a new Malta if it comes into unfriendly hands. But here again the objectors forget the facts. If the Turks want Russia kept out of Constantinople, let us help them by all means. But to hear some good folk talk it might be thought that it was our duty, in spite of the SULTAN's beard, to burn Constantinople rather than that he should admit Russia. Meanwhile Erzerum is of more consequence to England than the whole of Bulgaria with Eastern Roumelia thrown in, and the vilayets round the head waters of the Euphrates and Tigris of more consequence than all European Turkey. We can at any moment muzzle the Dardanelles and Salonica; we can only hold that overland route to India which must sooner or later come into play by constant vigilance in keeping enemies far away from it.

There are, however, some symptoms going to show that the two conspirators—Austria can hardly with justice be called a conspirator at all—are beginning to doubt whether the pear is quite ripe. Had there been precipitate action on England's part, or even the blustering "firm words" about Heaven knows what which some people desired, it is possible that vanity and the sense of "now or never" might have forced the CZAR and Prince BISMARCK (surely the oddest pair ever politically yoked together) to persevere in their first course of violence pure and simple. It is even yet on the cards that the CZAR's temper and Prince BISMARCK's tortuous policy may bring about a recrudescence of such conduct. But for the moment there is a lull, and it is quite possible that the watchful attitude of England, the discontent of Austria, and the undisguised disapproval of all respectable and more or less impartial opinion throughout Europe, may induce a return to something like the former state of things. A fresh puppet of some sort in Bulgaria and a restoration of the system of Russian leading-strings without a nominally Russian Government would then be the result, and actual trouble would be put off once more. The sharpness of the present alarm might not then be regretted if it succeeds in bringing home to the English mind the fact that it is necessary to be constantly prepared for a sudden blow in the East, and that the best way of preparation is to elaborate a complete scheme, not for parrying this, but for

dealing return blows at once in another place. It is idle to talk of Egypt. England is there, and, until Downing Street is turned into a lunatic asylum, she will stay there, or will at least take care that no one else goes there. The equivalent for the aggressive establishment of fresh Powers in the Eastern Mediterranean, or rather the defence against such establishment, would have to be sought elsewhere, and has been sufficiently clearly indicated. The intermediate policy of England ought also to be clear. If the SULTAN can be won back from his present very unprofitable frame of mind, so much the better. He has absolutely nothing to complain of at our hands. Egypt is not now less under his control than it has been any time since the days of MEHEMET ALI; Cyprus is a comfortable and untroubled source of revenue to him; he was saved from the odium and the expense of a Greek war mainly by England, and nothing was done by her in the Eastern Roumelian affair till it was certain that the Turks did not wish to fight. Moreover, if he is true to himself, he has nothing to fear from England and something to hope from her. If, on the other hand, he chooses to become a lay vassal of Russia, with the prospect of sinking into nothing more than a kind of useful religious puppet for her, English hands will be as clean as the English course will be clear.

#### LAND AGITATION.

AGRARIAN agitators, from Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD to the most blatant demagogue at Hull, are embarrassed by the same difficulty which perplexed the Babylonian interpreters of NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S dream. They have not solved the preliminary question of what it was that they were required to explain. One of the orators of the Trade-Union Congress defined the proposed reform of the land laws by an enumeration of its expected results. If, he said, the payment of members of Parliament were conceded, workmen would be represented by members of their own class, and then they would make short work of Tories, aristocrats, and landlords. The Congress divided almost equally on the scheme of Land Nationalization, or of the lawless plunder of all who under the guarantee of the law happen to have invested their money in land. It is impossible to argue with the professors of a doctrine which is opposed to the principles on which society is founded. Trade-Union delegates have apparently been demoralized by the habit of confining their attention to the interests of a single class. It is not surprising that they disregard with almost unconscious contempt the counsels of flattering advisers who, after investing their class with supreme power, recommend them to abstain from direct interference with government and legislation. The Congress assumed to itself the task of subverting all the institutions of the country, and of controlling Parliament by a future majority of artisans and labourers. At the same time they claim for themselves the exclusive management of education and a share in the administration of justice. Their project of agrarian robbery is combined with a claim to the right of minute interference with almost all public and private affairs. The alternative which was ultimately preferred for the present to nationalization of the land was a "drastic" reform of the land laws. The epithet is probably borrowed from some description of quack medicines, and the nature of the changes which are to be effected was left in obscurity. The delegates evidently desired to pass stringent laws against landlords; and with admirable consistency they afterwards demanded the abolition of all statutory restrictions on Trade-Unions. The Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee and the President of the Congress appear to have had good reason for the statement that the differences between English Unionists and the anarchical associations of the Continent have been perceptibly diminished. An aristocratic oligarchy might possibly be as selfish; but it would scarcely be as cynical. Governing minorities are held in check by the knowledge that in the last resort physical force is on the other side.

Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD and his Land League cannot be as ignorant as the Unionist agitators; and indeed it may be taken for granted that the President at least has made himself acquainted with the laws which he denounces, and which he never specifies. Notwithstanding the animosity of his Association against landowners, he cannot but know that they would welcome any measure which would lead to the simplification of titles and consequently to the cheap and easy transfer of land. They would not be ashamed to

imitate the arrangements of Saxe Coburg and of West Australia, if these great communities really furnish valuable precedents for the use of English conveyancers. Facilitation of the sale of land by the removal of legal technicalities is but one of the conditions of the multiplication of freeholders. The disinclination of owners to part with their property might, a few years ago, have been a serious impediment to attempts at subdivision; but their natural reluctance has now been effectually overcome. Any purchaser who can afford to pay a low price for land may now pick and choose at his pleasure among large and small estates. The cost of conveyance may perhaps still create a difficulty in the transfer of small parcels of land; but there is nothing to prevent the formation of Companies for the acquisition of property which may be afterwards sold by retail. Tenants for life can now in almost all cases make a good title to their lands, nor are directions by testators and settlors for the investment of money in land, except in special cases, any longer legally binding. If Mr. ARNOLD and his friends are well advised in their opinion that small and moderately-sized properties can be advantageously occupied, all the conditions of the experiment are now satisfied. Nevertheless hundreds of owners find that there is no market for the property which they are anxious to sell. If any amateur reformer will show them how to get rid of their land on equitable terms, he will well deserve their gratitude.

While Mr. ARNOLD and his League sometimes seem to pursue reasonable objects, their movement becomes suspicious when they approximate to the wildest revolutionary schemes. Mr. ARNOLD, though he prefers some unknown plan of his own, seems to have no fundamental objection to the lawless nationalization of the land. It is well known that the GEORGES and the DAVITTS, from whom Mr. ARNOLD respectfully and slightly differs, avow their purpose of expropriating landowners without a pretence of compensation. It would therefore appear that any measure which differs only in detail from the scheme of nationalization must involve the whole doctrine of plunder. Mr. ARNOLD coolly asserts that the ultimate ownership of land belongs to the community or to the State; though law and custom draw no distinction between property in land and ownership of any other commodity. Landowners may in certain cases be expropriated for public purposes on payment of full compensation. In case of a foreign invasion, horses and carriages might under the same conditions be seized for military purposes. Every possessor of an acre or of a thousand acres was, until lately, deemed to be absolutely protected against disturbance, and, indeed, the supposed security of land was one of the reasons which reconciled landowners to a low rate of interest on their capital. The vagueness of the demands of the so-called land reformers has been so often exposed that, in the absence of explanation, it must be regarded as characteristic of the agitation.

Lord ROSEBURY in his speech at Aylesbury, which was delivered before he could have read Mr. ARNOLD'S address, displayed, as might have been expected, his indifference to agrarian cant. Like the rest of the world, he thinks allotments desirable, and he stated that in his neighbourhood, as in many other parts of the country, they are already provided in sufficient number. He thought that in the interest of the labourer the allotments should not be too large, on the ground that employers would prefer a workman who would not be too much occupied with the cultivation of his own plot of land. The most convenient extent of allotments is a fit subject for inquiry and discussion. It would be unreasonable to take compulsory possession of land to be occupied by labourers while it is still doubtful whether their holdings should be comparatively large or small. On the much more important subject of small holdings or tenancies and freeholds under forty acres Lord ROSEBURY was so far sceptical as to withhold his judgment. In common with the great majority of disinterested observers, he has no prejudice against small freeholds or leaseholds; but, knowing that the number of petty owners and occupiers has constantly diminished, Lord ROSEBURY is not satisfied that the causes of consolidation have ceased to operate. The best test of the expediency of small properties is to be found in the demand of purchasers or of would-be tenants. There is no longer a formidable competition on the part of great landowners or capitalists; and the amount of money which might be sunk in the purchase of small freeholds is therefore comparatively moderate. The controversy will not be settled by argument or speculation, but by experiment at the risk



of those who are immediately concerned in the solution of the difficulty.

The only removable grievance from which Lord ROSEBURY proposes to relieve farmers involves questions which he seems not to have carefully studied. While he doubts the efficiency of such nostrums as Fair-trade, Lord ROSEBURY is fully convinced that domestic agriculture is unduly burdened, as compared with foreign competitors, by the cost of railway carriage. The numerous complainants who share Lord ROSEBURY'S view would unanimously assert that the lower rates on foreign produce constitute an undue preference. As favour or preference is directly forbidden by law, it seems strange that the vigilance of aggrieved producers should not have applied a simple and inexpensive remedy; yet the differential rates which Lord ROSEBURY denounces have never been condemned by the Railway Commission, and, with full knowledge of the facts, the latest Commission on railway traffic expressly acquitted the Companies of undue preference. The lower rates allowed to foreign produce result from competition with sea-borne trade, and, if they were prohibited, the corn and cattle from abroad would be brought to market by ship instead of by railway almost as cheaply as at present. The practice is so liable to misunderstanding that it might almost be for the interest of the Companies to discontinue the obnoxious distinction. The consumer would be the principal sufferer if the conveyance of foreign produce were made artificially dearer. Only a few of the Companies have any considerable interest in the matter. The rest would perhaps not be sorry to buy off the adverse opinion of so respectable a critic as Lord ROSEBURY.

#### THE JOURNALISM OF THE FUTURE.

EVERY "art and mystery" is destined in these purifying days, we suppose, to come in for purification in its turn, and if we may take the word of a lady, with whose name we blushing confess ourselves unfamiliar, the turn of journalism has just arrived. Arrangements are in contemplation for purifying it, and Woman, as is only fitting, is to "take the contract." Woman, says Miss FRANCES E. WILLARD, writing "on the newspaper and its makers," has now "the opportunity to do for journalism what she long ago accomplished for literature; to drive out the FIELDINGS and the SMOLLETTs from its temple; to replace sentimentality by sentiment; and to frown upon coarse jests, 'debasing innuendoes, and irreverent witticisms.'" Woman, in short, is to raise the newspaper to the moral and intellectual level of the "book of riddles" knocked down by Mr. BORTHROP TRUMBULL at the auction in *Middlemarch*. "This, gentlemen," said that delightful auctioneer, after quoting a sample of its contents, "this is an amusement to sharpen the intellect; it has a sting, it has what we call satire, and wit without indecency. Four and sixpence—five shillings." Even so will it be with the newspaper when, under feminine editorship, its jests have been purged of their coarseness, its innuendoes cease to debase, and its witticisms are conceived in a spirit of reverence for those against whom they are directed. Journalism will then be able to hold up its head by the side of that literature of avowed fiction from which Woman has driven out the FIELDINGS and the SMOLLETTs, to replace them by the latest lady novelist who will undertake to show that it is possible to sail nearer the wind than her boldest predecessor.

This however is not all that is to be done for this backward and indeed barbarous craft. Not content with merely moralizing it, Woman is to raise it to a level of æsthetic refinement which Miss WILLARD'S awe-striking illustration of it may perhaps enable brutal Man to imperfectly realize. "The difference between the smoking and drawing-room cars 'on a railway train illustrates that between average journalism as it is and as it will be when men and women sit at their desks in the same editorial and reportorial sanctums. One is full of fumes, the other of perfumes; one is a small section of chaos, the other of creation; and all because one is denaturalizing, the other natural." It is not for the mere male intellect to seek to penetrate the mystery of the last two clauses of the foregoing sentence. We must be content to accept without question the great truth that man is essentially chaotic, and woman essentially creative, that the latter is naturally "natural" and the other by nature "denaturalizing." But the epigrammatic antithesis between fumes and perfumes is more within man's clumsy comprehension, and a charming picture of the

"editorial sanctum" of the future it suggests. No more horrid tobacco smoke, but in place thereof a delicate *aura* of heliotrope or opoponax (or perhaps jockey club if it be the "sanctum" of a sporting paper); in one chair the male (so-called) editor, his hair nicely brushed, and he himself attired as for a garden party; in the other the real "boss of the machine," as we must call her, in default of a feminine form of the word, the lady who does the elevating, the purifying, and the frowning upon coarse jests, debasing innuendoes, and irreverent witticisms. To her, of course, will go every proof after passing the prentice-hand of her nominal coadjutor but real underling at the other end of the "sanctum." She it is who will run the indignant pencil through the coarse jest, who will slash away at the debasing innuendo, and mark the irreverent witticism for "distribution." To her it will belong to take order that "the club" shall "cut a smaller and the household a larger figure in the journalism of the future," and to insist as strongly as may be on the difference which they are "trying to analyse" (or perhaps Miss WILLARD really meant or wrote "to realize") between the "bachelor's hall and the 'home.'" "No truth, theological, political, or economic," says Miss WILLARD profoundly, "can be seen in its entirety until the stereoscopic views from the two angles 'of vision, the masculine and feminine, give it precision and bring it out into symmetry.'" This is a generous concession on the part of Woman; but Man, of course, will not really venture, under the new order of things, to avail himself of it. Brutal, coarse, chaotic, denaturalizing, coarsely jesting, debasingly innuending (or innuing), irreverently witticizing as he may be, he is not altogether devoid of common sense and perception, and he will learn to know his place. The work of the two editors will arrange itself naturally in time. Truth—theological, political, or economic—will fall naturally into woman's department. Editorial man will look after the "fashion-plates."

#### THE CIVIL SERVICE ROYAL COMMISSION.

UNDETERRED by the not very novel or pointed jests at government by Royal Commission, the present Ministry seems, according to the confession even of its opponents, to have determined to make its Royal Commissions as effective instruments of government as possible. The Commission on the Currency could only have been improved by the addition of one or two persons, who probably were not available; and though it might perhaps be possible to pick out another Royal Commission on the Civil Service as good as that recently nominated, it would be impossible to pick out a better. Both in regard of individual qualifications and in regard of what is perhaps even more important in such a Commission—the judicious admixture and contrast of such qualifications—the group over which Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY will preside seems to be admirably selected. Official and unofficial experience, financial and Parliamentary expertise, administrative familiarity with large undertakings, are all well represented. It can only be regretted that no tribunal, equally likely to command public confidence, has yet been devised for investigating the third most pressing subject of the day—the condition and capabilities of the national defences and those who control them.

The immediate subject of the Commissioners' inquiry is perhaps not exactly what a vain people supposes. There is no institution to which the old joke about those who are in wanting to get out and those who are out wanting to get in, applies better (always excepting the institution at which the joke was originally levelled) than it applies to the Civil Service. We do not here speak of the merely legendary or fanciful idea of a Civil Servant's existence. That idea, due like other ideas of the kind in great part to DICKENS, is sufficiently familiar. The fortunate man goes down very late to a very comfortable office, comes away very early, and occupies the time between coming and going with occasional snubbings of the public, with cheerful conversation and refreshment, and with a diligent study of the *Times* newspaper, which study is set down by different authorities to choice, to etiquette, and to a secret feeling that something dull and disagreeable ought to be done as a sacrifice to Nemesis in an existence of such delightful ease. Nobody, perhaps, except the lower kind of Radical, really believes in this idea. A little more real, at least as far as belief is concerned, is the ideal Civil Servant of the haters of Co-operative Stores, the Civil Servant who balances the books of his concern in office

hours and conducts his commercial correspondence "On Her Majesty's Service." These are absurdities or caricatures. But there is no doubt an idea of the Civil Servant which is widely prevalent among electors and taxpayers, and which is not a caricature or an absurdity. He is looked upon as neither a mere sinecurist nor a mere swindler, but as a lucky fellow who has much shorter hours than men of somewhat similar employment under private firms; much slacker work during those hours; a salary, though not very large, yet paid with absolute regularity, and rising steadily, if not very rapidly; holidays which are free from the uncomfortable sensation of the ordinary professional man that he is at once spending more money and earning less; and, above all, a certain, if not magnificent, provision for an old age of idleness, which frees him from that other and still more uncomfortable sensation of nearly all the rest of unendowed mankind that they must "work till they drop." The Civil Servant of course replies that his pension is merely deferred pay; that his pay not deferred is a pittance compared to the incomes obtainable by fair brains, luck, and industry outside the Civil Service; that the prizes of that Service are few in number and insignificant in magnitude compared to those of the professions and businesses; that his work is a great deal harder than is generally supposed; and that the certainty of his promotion is compensated by its slowness and by the sense that sooner or later it comes to an absolute stop, except in the case of unusual interest and good luck.

These are interesting companion-pictures, no doubt. But though incidentally the Commission may throw some light on the truth of either or both, it is not for the purpose of studying the lot or the conduct of the individual Civil Servant that it has been called together. The point of national importance is not whether the individual Mr. JOHN EAMES is selected by the best of all possible processes, paid according to the most economical (without cheese-paring) of all scales, and worked according to the most reasonable calculation of duty. It is rather whether the nation does or does not employ too many Mr. JOHN EAMESSES, and that not by keeping them in idleness, but by providing them with a very large quantity of useless, or at least unnecessary, work. There is a widespread opinion—not entertained wholly or even mainly by persons who are fond of discovering abuses and envious of everybody who draws a salary—that it does. It is generally believed (until recent imputations there was hardly a thought of denying it) that of actual corruption or malversation there is very little nowadays in any Government department. It is not thought that there is even much downright extravagance in them. Although few people would assert that the average Civil Servant works anything like as hard as the ordinary bank clerk in the lower ranks, as the ordinary doctor, lawyer, or working man of letters in the higher, the idea of mere sandwich-box-and-Times-newspaper occupation on the part of Civil Servants in general is, as has been said, admitted to be a caricature. But what is thought is that, partly from the very desire to make corruption impossible and to have the work done thoroughly, there is a vast overmanning of the several departments, and a vast duplication and multiplication of clerical and other labour which might be struck off altogether without the business of the nation suffering. A, it is said, is occupied (let it be granted quite honestly and fully occupied) in preparing matter for B to inspect; B is occupied (let it be granted quite honestly and fully occupied) in inspecting the matter that A has prepared. C has his daily hours, many or few, bestowed on the revision of D, and when C has done his revising, it is the duty, if not the pleasure, of E to check it and make minutes about it. The enemy says, rightly or wrongly (and it must be remembered that we are here bringing no charges), that all this is very pretty, and results perhaps in very neat work, but that in a smartly managed private concern a single person—let us say F—would, with perhaps the part help of an office-boy, do everything that is done by the whole quintet, not because he would work as much as all of them, but because he would omit a great deal that they do, and would not do the same thing over and over again. It has even been argued that the system of competitive examination has in reality been a most costly one, because a staff which would never be tolerated if its emoluments were matters of patronage is accepted when it appears to provide employment for meritorious persons generally. The enemy further says that in the elaborate arrangements for preventing the loss of national halfpennies a good many national shillings are spent, that the constant tendency of all the public estab-

lishments is to multiply workers rather than to economize work, and that the whole system too nearly resembles, except in the catastrophe, the friendly competition of the glazier and the tinker in the old story. It is into this accusation more than into any other that the Royal Commission must look if it is to content the public. And when it is remembered that the actual gross expenditure on the Civil Service, in its widest sense, is not much under thirty millions annually—or, roughly speaking, a third of the whole cost of doing the nation's business and paying its charges—the importance of the subject appears at once. That there is in that Service generally a vastly greater amount of elaboration and duplication of work than any private person or firm would permit will hardly be disputed. The plea, on the other hand, is that this elaboration and duplication is, if not indispensable for efficiency, at any rate highly conducive to it. What the Commission has to do first of all is to examine the two allegations, and decide, as far as it can, whether the first is justified, and if it be so, whether the second meets it sufficiently.

#### TRADE CONGRESSES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE chance which fixed the chief meetings of workmen here and on the Continent about the same time has enabled some of the daily papers, and in particular the *Times*, to draw a contrast between the behaviour of the foreign and that of the English delegates. The point of view was not sufficiently high. It should have taken in Germany as well as France, and the Parisian visitors at the Colonial Exhibition as well as the English Trade-Unions at Hull. The result would, on the whole, have been more favourable to the insular character. The Hull meeting, as contrasted with a similar meeting on the Continent, was deficient alike in political aspiration and in the lighter graces by which the Frenchman, the German, or the Belgian softens the asperities of his fortune. Could we accept it as a final verdict that the dancing and flirting of the French delegates or the singing and fiddling of the Germans showed a corresponding diminution of class hatred and unreasoning rancour, we might reckon it another example of the emollient power of the ingenious arts. But as a fact the English railer against the classes, though his music rose no higher than an exhortation to his brethren to wait till the clouds roll by, was more civilized in his language, more businesslike at the meetings, and more anxious "to live blamelessly" than "to drink the blood of kings." It has been recorded by an unimpeachable witness that the great leader of the masses loves negro melodies; and apparently the disciples have not higher tastes than their teacher. The English workmen in council assembled had much that is uncivilizing to contend with, and it is more wonderful that we should hear of their moderation and comparatively placid content, under the influences that are brought to bear on them, than that they should pass silly resolutions against capitalists, or ask for land, though they would not know what to do with it if they obtained it. If the English Trade-Unionists have crude ideas on political economy, and revolutionary notions about property, we must remember that they are still not so extreme as their instructors. If we leave them to learn history from the lips of Mr. ARCH and religion from the lips of Mr. BRADLAUGH, we cannot be surprised that they lapse occasionally into ignorance and intolerance. On the whole they were eminently businesslike. Abstract notions of all kinds were absent from their debates, and, though after their sessions they were content to drink stout and eat steak, to smoke and sing ballads, their demeanour contrasted favourably with that of their foreign competitors. The French workman thought of the cooking of his dinner; he interspersed his denunciations of the police with preparations for an evening ball. The appeals to sentiment, to eternal principles of equality, to freedom and fraternity, and all the other devices of orators who want to raise a cheer and divert their hearers' minds from technical and practical examination and inquiry, were far more common in the foreign assemblies than in the English, and it is even roundly asserted that only for the presence of the businesslike and unsentimental English workmen nothing else would have prevailed, and no tangible result would have followed other than the adoption of fresh phrases of exaggeration and bewildering metaphor.

At Hull, with the exception of a few delegates of the demagogic or professional politician order, the men did little in the way of speech-making. Time was an object



to most of them. They had nothing to gain by displays of eloquence. It was, of course, otherwise with those few talkers who had to earn their means of livelihood by a show of oratorical power; and who were eager to seize so favourable an opportunity of displaying their credentials to act as the mouthpieces of the silent and oppressed working-man. With the foreigners on the other hand, as with any Celtic assembly in Ireland or Wales or the Highlands, there was much more talk for talk's sake, much more manufacture of fine phrases, many more references to the cruelty of capitalists, to the coming day of retribution, to the social regeneration which will follow of itself from the abolition of policemen. All these things, and others of the same kind, were described in burning words; but somehow the speakers got no further; petty details, except in the way of highly-coloured anecdotes, were disregarded; and the impression left by a reading of the debates—an impression which must have been much more lively on the hearer—was the hollowness of a great many of the complaints, a feeling of unreality even in the tales of woe adduced, a general impression that the speakers were men who regretted not so much that their work was unremunerative as that they had to work at all, and who were convinced that a good cook, a good dance, and unlimited time for speechmaking were things of more importance. It is probable that the courtly deportment, the exaggerated politeness, the efforts to please the other sex, the music, the banners, the decorations, and all the other characteristics of the foreign workmen and their meetings of which we have been told, are not evidences of real civilization, and would go for little in time of trial or excitement, in comparison with the rugged exterior and homely manners of the English workman.

#### BANQUETS TO ROSCIUS.

A JEST which has served its time with the colours, so to speak, may well be passed into the reserve of illustrations and called out for service therein when circumstances require. Such an occasion has, we think, arisen in the military career of the veteran French joke with regard to the decoration of the Legion of Honour. The observation that the ribbon of the Order was conferred upon every child in his cradle to be taken away from him if he did anything remarkable in after life was merely a facetious way of suggesting that it was a greater distinction to be undecorated than to wear the badge. Honours of any kind are liable to this risk, and certainly that peculiar form of homage which consists of feasting the object of it seems to be something more than exposed to such a danger just at present. In "the way we live now" the men of "distinction" in the theatrical profession will soon be reduced to the very limited class of persons who have not been entertained at dinner or supper "on the occasion of"—doing something or other which to the ignorant outsider scarcely appears, we will not say to constitute any title to such a recognition, but to invest it with any sort of timeliness or propriety. As to the particular personages on whom the honour is conferred, it would be unnecessarily invidious to institute any comparison between their respective claims. On the stage, at any rate, it is well understood that everybody has a claim to everything. The "super" with the banner is histrionically equal to the MACBETH or OTHELLO on whom he attends; nothing but bad luck and professional jealousy place him where he is, instead of where he ought to be; that is to say, in the shoes of MACDUFF or IAGO at the very least. This being so—the equal merits of all actors from an artistic point of view being given—it is, of course, natural that none of them should allow himself to be distanced by his fellows in the matter of social recognition if he can possibly help it. If the friends of one eminent actor think fit to pay him one of these convivial marks of respect, we quite understand that the actor who stands next, or is of opinion that he stands next, in point of eminence should be unable to rest until he has shown that he also has friends who can "rally round him" in the same way. That is as much in the ordinary and natural course of things as that actor No. 2 should play HAMLET after No. 1, and it would be absurd to complain of it.

We much prefer, as we have said, to assume that every dramatic celebrity who is feasted by his acquaintance deserves it as well as every other. If all the "chicken and champagne" in the market were to be consumed in feasting them, we should not venture upon a word of depreciatory criticism. But, though we gladly admit that no ornament

of the stage has ever been entertained at a complimentary breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or supper—the "complimentary tea" has yet to be instituted—without the great heart of the nation beating in unison with the raps on the table which proclaim him worthy of the honour, we might perhaps make so bold as to hint that, if the recipients of this homage are always admirably chosen, the same thing can hardly be said of the occasions on which the enthusiasm of their friends becomes irrepressible. Why, for instance, should departure on a pleasure tour unseal the springs of emotion in the hearts of admirers? And, if departure for a pleasure-tour across the ocean, why not departure for a trip to Margate? Why should we not find—perhaps we soon shall find—a paragraph in our newspapers informing us that "Mr. BETTERTON BURBAGE was entertained last night at dinner at the Apodyterium by a select party of his friends to celebrate his leaving London for the delightful little riverside villa which he has just taken for the season at Cookham"? And why should we not then be privileged to read the glowing speech in which the chairman of the banquet bade the guest of the evening God-speed, and to honour the manly emotion which almost prevented Mr. BETTERTON BURBAGE from making an articulate reply? A supper on his return from his holidays to resume his professional labours would of course be no less appropriate; and here the sentiments of welcome for the returned wanderer would no doubt be as strong, and meet with as impassioned a response as those which originally sped him on his way. We must say that there seems to be a little want of dramatic significance in the "moments" to which celebrated actors or their friends are in the habit of calling attention in this way. No doubt the tendency of the day is towards the unsensational in stage situations; but this surely is carrying things a little too far.

#### FRANCE, CHINA, AND THE VATICAN.

IT is satisfactory to be informed, on the high authority of Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, that, if there have been any massacres of Christians in Cochin China or in Szechuen, the victims cannot have been English or American missionaries and their disciples. It may well be believed that no Protestant missionaries have been allowed by the French authorities to penetrate into Cochin China; and Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK positively asserts that none of them have a settlement in the Chinese province of Szechuen. The composer of the telegram from Rome supplied a correction of his own inaccurate report in the statement that the palace of the Vicar Apostolic of Szechuen had been burnt to the ground. The passage relating to Protestant missionaries seems to have been inserted for the purpose of imputing to their imprudence the provocation which may have been offered to the perpetrators of the outrage. Similar acts of violence have often been committed in different parts of China; but the principal danger to which the Protestant missionaries and their converts are exposed is caused by popular ignorance of the internal dissensions which separate European preachers of religion from one another. The Protestants and their Catholic rivals are equally zealous in the propagation of their doctrines; but the smaller and more modern community might not have been powerful enough to excite popular jealousy, if it had not been mistaken for a branch of the Church which has hitherto enjoyed the doubtful advantage of French patronage. Other Powers protect their own subjects to the best of their ability; but none of them, with the exception of France, claims a right to interfere on behalf of Chinese proselytes.

The rioters in Cochin China and Szechuen have perhaps never heard of the pending controversy between the French Government and the Vatican; but it is not improbable that the safety of native and foreign Christians may depend largely on the result of the negotiations. The populace may possibly be sometimes affected by fanatical excitement; but the ruling classes in China are eminently tolerant, because they are totally indifferent to creeds and doctrines. The central Government and the rulers of provinces object, not to Christianity or even to proselytism, but to the dependence of any portion of their subjects on foreign protection. It would seem that the French Government has asserted intrinsically obnoxious pretensions with little regard for Chinese susceptibilities. The French clergy at Peking ultimately recognized the justice of a demand for the removal of the French or Catholic cathedral from the immediate vicinity of the Imperial palace. The Government

at Paris which, although it persecutes the Church at home, is in distant regions more Catholic than the Pope, appears to have forbidden the concession, though an offer was made of an eligible site in another part of the capital. The reasons for insisting on the maintenance of the present edifice ought to have been strong, as they prevailed over the arguments for deference to Chinese feeling. It is said that the cathedral interferes with the privacy of the Imperial palace; and, even if the fact is disputed, complaint on such a ground cannot be neglected without provoking inconvenient irritation. The legal right of the French Government is perhaps not disputed; but it might be thought injudicious to insist on an invidious privilege. The interest of foreign traders and residents in the avoidance of conflicts between French and Chinese claims is too indirect to justify interference on the part of their respective Governments; but every cause of quarrel between China and a European Power tends to stimulate the dislike of foreigners. The French protectorate over Catholics raises some of the most troublesome questions; and it is a source rather of danger than of security to those for whose benefit it purports to exist. If similar pretensions had not been advanced in former times, it is possible that Catholicism might now compete with Buddhism in popular belief. Neither creed has at any time been formally recognized by the State.

The Chinese Government is well aware that it is hopeless to procure by diplomatic methods a surrender of alleged rights which are naturally prized as proofs of French dignity and power. Having nevertheless resolved to emancipate itself from even a shadow of foreign participation in its internal affairs, the Government of Peking has devised a course of action which is in the highest degree statesmanlike, inasmuch as it tends to effect the object with the smallest show of disregard to France. It is admitted on both sides that the French claim relates only to the security of religion, and the Pope is the recognized guardian of the spiritual interests of the Catholic community. The transfer of the advocacy of religious interests from a secular Power to the supreme head of the Church involved no withdrawal of political privilege. The Pope must be assumed to be the most vigilant guardian of ecclesiastical liberties, and in Chinese estimation he has the great negative merit of possessing neither a fleet nor an army. The French, as might be expected, contend that remonstrances unsupported by force will have little effect in providing Catholics with security or redress. Chinese negotiators, on the other hand, may fairly suggest that a great dignitary who is not a temporal potentate will deal more easily with the Government and people of China than a formidable naval and military Power.

LEO XIII. at first welcomed an overture which tended to exalt the authority of the Holy See and in some degree to acknowledge its claim to sovereignty. He must have known that the safety of Catholic missionaries could only be secured through the good will of the Imperial Government, and that his intercession on behalf of native Christians would be more likely to prevail because it would be more inoffensive than any French remonstrance which fell short of a menace of war. If the Pope and the Chinese Government had exclusively conducted the negotiations, it would have been comparatively easy to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion; but as soon as the scheme was mooted at the Vatican the French Government protested against the proposed arrangement. The Pope was urged to refuse an offer which was alleged to violate the rights of France, and it is supposed that the remonstrance was backed by threats of further measures for the humiliation of the Church in France. The Pope, though he has wisely avoided an open rupture with the Republic, cannot be supposed to regard its present Administration with affection or confidence. Even at the time when NAPOLEON III. received the title of eldest Son of the Church, PIUS IX. publicly declared that the EMPEROR might be more properly designated by the name of Pontius Pilate, yet the clergy were in those days chief objects of Court favour, and they were actively employed as election agents in all parts of the Empire. The PRESIDENT of the Republic professes no kinship with the Church, and successive Ministries have curtailed its revenues and deprived it of the control of education. The Pope, though he still affects to acknowledge France as a Catholic nation, can scarcely be expected to make any sacrifice to French interests, except under compulsion. In the first instance, he proposed to accredit a Nuncio to the Chinese Government, who should per-

manently reside at Peking. A compromise has since been suggested, by which a representative of humbler rank is to be substituted for a Nuncio, but it would seem that sufficient pressure has been put on the Pope to induce him to drop the matter for the present. Otherwise it cannot be doubted that his negotiations with China would have been conducted and completed without any reference on his part to the claims of France.

There is no reason to suppose that the French Government will withdraw or modify its demands. The comparative unimportance of the commercial relations between France and China may perhaps supply an additional reason for refusing political concessions. It is fortunately unnecessary for the English Government to interfere, even by remonstrance or advice. French diplomatists are capable of suspecting that England is the confidential adviser of the Pope, and that a Protestant Power might take pleasure in depriving Catholic priests of protection. In China, as in almost all parts of the world, the policy of England is one of peace. A renewed war between France and China would be injurious to trade, and it might probably aggravate the official and popular jealousy of Western influence. Englishmen who, like Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, possess special knowledge of China, do well to publish authentic information on pending controversies; but the Governments of France and China and the Pope should be left to settle their disputes without external interference. There is little doubt that, whatever may be the issue of the discussion as to her appointment of a Nuncio, the Chinese will refuse any longer to recognize the indefinite protectorate claimed by France. They will endure possible threats with equanimity in the confidence that the French Government has for the present had a surfeit of the glory which is to be obtained by invasion of Chinese territory. If Catholic prelates are assaulted, or if their houses and churches are burnt, nothing but prudential considerations will prevent French admirals and generals from taking active measures to secure redress. The proposal of the nomination of a Nuncio can easily be dropped or withdrawn if it gives rise to difficulties between France and Rome. The result of the failure of the scheme would be that Catholics would be left without any protection except under Chinese law. If such a result were to occur, the Government of China would suffer no inconvenience.

#### THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR OBSTRUCTION.

THE proceedings of the House of Commons in Committee of Supply on the Civil Service Estimates have at least had one result, to be set off against the humiliation of Parliament and the public in being compelled to submit to and witness them. They have conclusively shown—we will not say what sort of stuff the new Irish party are made of, for we never expected that, except in voting strength, there would be any difference between the eighty-six and the thirty—but under what sort of conditions Governments will have to deal with them in future. Before the legislation which nearly trebled their number it was possible to negotiate with them after a fashion—after the fashion, that is to say, with which the friends of Calabrian and Sicilian tourists have sometimes become unpleasantly familiar. The good faith of the brigand was, within certain limits, to be relied on. If he received the ransom he released the captive—it may be without his complement of ears, but that was a detail. In substance, at any rate, the bargain was carried out, and the parties could trust each other in future transactions. But as between the Parliamentary bandits who are detaining, and the Ministers who are seeking to ransom, the business of the country this primary basis of negotiation is wanting. The men of the Irish "Moun-tain" keep no faith, and their captain either cannot answer for their fidelity or deliberately winks at their perfidy. Mr. PARNELL has absented himself during the whole of the past week from the sittings of the House, and his nominal followers have behaved themselves in his absence as though neither they nor their leader were under any sort of engagement to abstain from wanton obstruction. Yet nothing can be plainer from the mere nature of the arrangement itself, to say nothing of the specific stipulations which were laid down by the leader of the House in the act of concluding it, than that the Irish party as a body have repudiated their part in a contract of which they have already virtually received the consideration. It would have been quite possible for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to have practically suppressed Mr. PARNELL's Land Bill by simply refusing



to give any facilities for its discussion. By merely arranging the order of public business in the way in which a Government so situated would naturally arrange it, he would in fact have provided for the automatic occurrence of this result. There was nothing to hinder him in taking this course, except that very obstruction with which he has during the past week been battling, and which could scarcely have been more obstinate and audacious if he had refused all concessions whatever.

But, as we have said, it is not merely in the obvious nature of the transaction itself that the bad faith of the Parnellite faction stands exposed. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL expressly intimated that, in consideration of the Government having promised to give a day for Mr. PARNELL's Bill, his followers would be expected to refrain from offering obstructive opposition to the properly non-contentious business of Supply. To this expectation the party addressed gave the warrant of their silence; and we undertake to say that in every quarter of the House, not excluding the benches below the gangway, it was distinctly understood on the night when this transaction occurred that, the Government having on their part promised to grant facilities for the discussion of an Irish legislative proposal which otherwise could not have got discussed, the Parnellites undertook on their part not wantonly to delay the progress of public business. There was, of course, a reservation to them of their right to ventilate their peculiar grievances on the various Irish votes in Supply and to discuss them at reasonable length. But the compact was clear that they should refrain from discussing these subjects at unreasonable length, and that non-contentious English business should be allowed to go through without any hindrance at all. How the latter branch of the agreement has been observed, let the proceedings of last Monday night, or rather Tuesday morning, bear witness—proceedings in which the Irish members played the principal part, although the vote before the House had reference to an English departmental service and had been amply debated in the last Parliament. The spirit in which they prolonged this utterly gratuitous debate was quite evident to any one with eyes and ears in his head, as indeed the more intelligent of the obstructionists themselves must be perfectly well aware. Mr. SEXTON, for instance, has far too much natural shrewdness to believe what he decorously professes to assume in this matter—namely, that the support of English Radicals like Mr. CONYBEARE will induce the English public to imagine that the Parnellite contributions to this debate may have been made in good faith. Mr. CONYBEARE's bail for the unobstructive character of any given Parliamentary manœuvre would be rejected with scorn in any court of common sense in the world. There is something ludicrous in the notion of an English anarchist of this order being invited to throw the shield of his Parliamentary character over the proceedings of Irish obstructionists. Radicals of the CONYBEARE type have enough to do to redeem their own souls; so that "they must let that alone for ever." As to Mr. DILLWYN—well, Mr. DILLWYN differs from Mr. CONYBEARE, no doubt, but not perhaps by quite so wide a distinction as Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR in so effusively hailing his support would appear to have assumed. Mr. DILLWYN has played the *vir pietate gravis* under rather doubtful circumstances before this. He has intervened on behalf of his party in more than one occasion within our recollection in a way which, if it had not been Mr. DILLWYN's way, would have been described as the way of the factious partisan. The character of the eminently respectable and old-fashioned politician who cannot possibly be suspected of siding with lawlessness on party grounds, and could not conceivably have a word to say for an obstructionist except in the interest of fair play, and in obedience to the peremptory command of conscience—such a character as this is of the highest possible value, not only to its owner, but to the party at whose service he places it. But it must be sparingly employed or it will become suspect; and though Mr. DILLWYN allows considerable intervals of time to elapse between his Parliamentary appearances, yet to persons of disobligingly long memories they are known to have been not few, if far between. The support, moreover, of this guileless veteran has been confined, so far as it appears, to the discussion on the Education vote. We do not understand him to have ventured on the defence of the wearisome irrelevances with which the Parnellites wasted long hours on Tuesday night, or the obstinate pertinacity with which they maundered over the utterly legless case of Father FAHY—a reverend gentleman imprisoned by his own wish for re-

fusing to find bail, and one who, to our thinking, most richly deserved imprisonment against his will. A spiritual person who calls upon landlords and warns them that they will be blown up by dynamite, and that it will be the duty of their visitor to denounce them from the altar, only becomes the right man in the right place when, as Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND describes it, he is "clapped into gaol."

We repeat that this sort of excuse for hours of talking, or such a pretext as that of Dr. TANNER's stale charge against Captain PLUNKETT, appears at present to have found no sponsor among official Liberals. To Mr. MORLEY, indeed, belongs the credit, but too rare unfortunately on the front Opposition bench, of having put in a plain-spoken protest against the Parnellite abuse of Captain PLUNKETT, and he at least has on more than one occasion spoken as well as voted for the Government. But leaving Mr. MORLEY—who, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's predecessor, lies of course under certain special obligations in this matter—out of the question, what is to be said of the attitude of the chief and the other members of the late Administration? Mr. GLADSTONE makes holiday in Bavaria, and would not be grudging it, if he did not announce his intention of returning to his place in Parliament the moment he sees or thinks he sees an opportunity of embarrassing the Irish policy of the Government. But in his absence the Opposition is supposed, or so we must assume, to be led by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's mode of leading it was illustrated by his intervention in the obstructive debate of Thursday night to ask the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND whether he could not put an end to the discussion by making a disclaimer which he must have known that Mr. HOLMES was not, and ought not to have been, in a position to make—a disclaimer, namely, of his having approved the action of the Crown Solicitor in rejecting the preposterous suggestion that the landlord and the priest who had threatened him with dynamite should "make it up." Of course Mr. HOLMES could not make any statement on this point which it was not easy for the Irish members to use for purposes of complaint; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's speech was accordingly accepted, whether it was so meant or not, as a hint of the particular form which their remarks should take. As to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's colleagues, with the exception above referred to, they are absent or silent, while obstruction night after night goes merrily on. But the Gladstonian Liberals and the Parnellites are now avowed allies; and the former control, or could easily control, the Parliamentary action of the latter. Can any one doubt where the responsibility lies?

#### NATURAL SCIENCE TWO CENTURIES AGO.

THERE is a certain satisfaction in noting the delusions of our forefathers. It may be neither a very filial nor a very wholesome occupation; nevertheless it has its attractions. The state of science in the seventeenth century is probably pretty fairly reflected in a book called *Speculum Mundi*; or, *A Glass representing the face of the World. Shewing both that it did begin and must also end: The manner How, and Time When, being largely examined.* It was written in 1661, and published in 1670, and it may be said to consist of a chapter on each of the six days of creation. The work contains nearly five hundred pages of closely-printed matter, but we have only space to notice a few lines here and there.

When this book was written, Galileo had not been dead twenty years; and neither Buffon nor Linnæus were born until more than fifty years later. Sir Isaac Newton was living, but he had not yet discovered, or at any rate published to the world, the great theory of gravitation. Men of science were already making the experiments which eventually led to the discovery of electricity, but it was not until the next century that Franklin found out its true nature, or that it was identical with lightning. Indeed, in the early part of the reign of Charles II. philosophers were thinking and working in what now appears to have been great darkness, although they were on the point of being rewarded by a flood of light. As may be imagined, a seventeenth-century writer on the subject of the six days of creation did not enter into the question whether they were solar days or periods extending over thousands of years; the only matter of doubt that presented itself to his mind being as to the time of year at which the world was created. He tells us that the world was at first "an unfashioned lump," but it must be admitted that his chapter on the first day is, like its subject, somewhat chaotic. On the second day there were the waters that are above the firmament to be accounted for, and these he disposes of by saying that there are "waters above the concave of the Firmament." "Concerning the Fowls and Stars, it is true, That they are but in the Firmament, and not above it; neither is

there any more Firmament than one, seeing Moses mentions not a second." As to the air, "the highest Region is said to be exceeding hot"; this is owing to the stars. Meteors and comets are composed of "Vapors or Fumes—a kinde of Smoak." The author seems to think his readers will be surprised to hear that some of these vapours "transcend" very high, "even to the Starry Heaven itself; which is witnessed by our best Modern Astronomers, who have observed many Comets above the Moon." The reasons of great events accompanying or following the appearance of comets are as follows:—Comets consist of "many hot and dry Exhalations" and "distemper the Air," which "the Bellows of the Body suck in and receive; insomuch that there cannot but be Sickness, Plagues, and much mortality." Moreover, these "poisonous breathings" are "very apt so to disorder and dry up the Blood in Humane Bodies, that thereby great store of red and adust choler may be purchased; and this stirreth up to anger with the thought of many furious and violent actions, and so by consequence to War." Thunder is caused "by reason of Hot and Dry Exhalations shut within the cloud, which, seeking to get out, with great violence do knock and rend the cloud." The hot and dry exhalation in escaping is set on fire by the violence, and becomes lightning, when it often continues burning until it falls to the ground. "And oftentimes a great stone is blown out of the cloud with it; whose cause is also natural." For, when the exhalation is drawn up from the earth, it sometimes takes earthly matter "like unto the finest sand" with it, and this, "through the moisture which it getteth in the Air," "clotteth together," and, "by the excessive heat which it findeth in the general matter of the Exhalation," becomes hard like a brick. Sometimes the exhalations not only carry up earthly matter with them, but also frogs, fishes, and grain, and this accounts for showers of frogs, &c. When "the vehement heat of the Sun" draws "milk from the Udders of Cattel and" mixes it with the clouds, it rains milk, which, as a marginal note points out, "may the sooner be done in summer and in hot countries." Modern readers may be surprised to learn that the long streaming threads sometimes seen floating in the air, and vulgarly supposed to be spiders' webs, are nothing of the kind, but meteors. "Some false tenets were engrafted amongst the ignorant," "who, as in a dream, suppose" them "to be spun out from the spider's bowels, which cannot but be a strange absurdity" and a "fond opinion." "This Meteor therefore (since it is a Meteor) may rightly be supposed to proceed out of a through-boyled or digested vapour, being mixed with earthy and slimy Exhalations."

One of the most interesting chapters is that on the third day, in which the author attacks the "sect of Copernicus." But, although he tells us that "the earth is void of motion," he knows that the tides are caused by the moon. He is soon off the track again, however, with "wells which make wood and all things else that be cast into them stones, the cause whereof is great cold." Then he writes of "a water which makes cattel give black milk," a "water which makes men mad," and "a water that spoils the memory." Most of the descriptions of the herbs are too medicinal to bear quotation here, but we may notice that basil is so strong a herb that a certain Italian who was fond of smelling it "had a scorpion bred in his brain." With regard to tobacco, "some commend the Syrrup before the smoke; yet the smoke (say they) Physically taken, is to be tolerated, and may do good for Rheums."

In the North of Scotland and in the "Orchades," there are trees, says our author, "whereon there groweth a certain kind of shell-fish," "wherein are contained little living creatures. For in time of maturity the shells do open, and out of them by little and little grow those living Creatures; which falling into the water when they drop out of their shells, do become fowls, such as we call *Barnacles* or *Brant Geese*." And let no one doubt this, for "Mr. Gerard affirmeth that he hath seen as much in Lancashire." Into the various properties of stones we need not follow the author; but on the fourth day we find him advancing some theories about the influences of the stars which are but little removed from astrology, although he condemns "characterical practices, diabolical or superstitious divinations, making images under such or such a constellation," and all such "damned and forbidden practices" in connexion with the stars. Nevertheless, Moses, "in testifying that God created the Stars for signe, doth likewise shew that they may be understood; otherwise to us they were no signs at all." Accordingly we are told that "Saturn is cold and dry, stirs up and increaseth melancholly. Jupiter is temperately hot and moist, works most upon sanguine complexions, stirring up and increasing that humour. Mars, through his heat and immoderate driness, stirs up and increaseth choler," "brawlings, Fightings, Wars, and the like." "Venus is cold and moist"; "her operation it is seen in most phlegmatick complexions." Mercury is dry when alone; but, "joynd to any of the other Planets, he puts upon him their natures," and works as they work.

On the fifth day we begin with the whales, "whose bigness equalizeth the Hills and mighty Mountains." Indeed, some authors even mention "far greater whales than these." "The Whirl-pool-whale hath a large wide mouth, but round: This is a cruel fish." But, above all others, the author says that he considers mermen and mermaids "the most strange fish in the waters." A fine specimen of a mermaid was caught, he tells us, between the towns of Campen and Edam, in Holland. "She suffered herself to be clothed, fed with bread, milk, and other meats, and would often strive to steal again into the sea, but

being carefully watched, she could not; moreover, she learned to spin and perform other petty offices of women; but at the first they cleansed her of the sea-moss which did stick about her." When we come to birds, we learn that the ostrich "is compounded, as it were, of a bird and a beast." In the part of the chapter devoted to owls, there is a prescription for making "a drunkard lothe his liquor" by breaking owls' eggs and putting them into it. Pigeons are "naturally very hot and moist," and consequently unwholesome for those that are "choleric"; but "to them which be phlegmatick and pure melancholy, they are very wholesome and be easily digested." The kingfisher "is a bird which maketh her nest in winter upon the sea." Birds of paradise "have no wings, neither do they fly, but are borne up in the air by the subtilty of their plumes and lightness of their body." When dead they do not "corrupt or rot in any sort." Swallows in winter either "joyn bill to bill, wing to wing, and foot to foot, hanging together in a conglomerated mass," and sink into the sea, or else they go to "those countreys where they may rest upon the sides of such warm mountains as lie open to the heat of the shining sun," where "they have been found naked and without their feathers." The last of the winged things noticed are insects, and it seems that the queen-bee was believed to be the king in those days.

Among "brute beasts" we have first the elephant. Some elephants "have no ears at all." Those that have ears have small ones, "and their matter like to the wings of a Bat." The unicorn is like a two-year-old colt, with a horn growing out of his forehead, "a very rich one . . . being a horn of such virtue as is in no beast's horn besides, which, whilst some have gone about to deny, they have secretly blinded the eyes of the world from their full view of the greatness of God's great works." "As for the *Camelopardus*, he is begotten by a mixt generation between the Camel and Leopard, or Panther." A long list of dogs is given, "and as for your mimick Dogs, it is supposed that they came first from a commixtion of Dogs with Apes." The Gorgon is "a fearful and terrible beast to look upon." He "causeth his mane to stand upright, and, gaping wide, he sendeth forth a horrible and filthy breath, which infecteth and poysoneth the air." The Cockatrice or Basilisk is called the King of Serpents, not only on account of his size, but also "for his stately pace and magnanimous mind." His poison scorches the grass as if it were burned. The "beams" of his eyes will kill a man. That he "is bred out of an egge, laid by an old cock, is scarce credible; howbeit some affirm" the truth of this "with great confidence." The Dragon is found chiefly in India and Ethiopia. "His wings will carry him to seek his prey, when and where occasion serveth"; his teeth are very sharp and set like a saw, but his prodigious strength "resteth in his tail." The Amphibena has two heads and no tail, "having a head at both ends." Africa "aboundeth" with them.

The description of the creation of man is scarcely suitable for quotation; but it is interesting to notice that the author thought the "arteries carry the vital spirits from the heart," and that "the veins carry the natural spirits from the liver, giving nourishment to every part." And here we will take leave of *Spectulum Mundi* and of Adam, "being come (as it were) newly from the shop of his Creator."

#### A WEEK'S TOMFOOLERY.

TOMFOOLERY is not a polite word; but, as it happens, it is none of our choosing. That eminent statesman Mr. Labouchere—who has taken the command of the Liberal party, vice Mr. Gladstone on furlough, and Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley "sitting silent in their stalls"—is the suggester. The Sapem (as he made Mr. Whistler call him, much to Mr. Whistler's wrath, though Sapem is really, in jabberwock language, a very excellent cross between *sapeur* and *Sachem*, and thus expresses Mr. Labouchere very well)—the Sapem applied the word tomfoolery to heraldry and heralds last Monday evening in the course of one of the edifying discussions on the Estimates which have gone on ever since. Very terrible is the wrath which Lyon King-at-Arms (in common with the Bible Board, the Queen's Limner, and other trappings of what Mr. Labouchere, to the horror and amaze of his colleagues in retrenchment, Sir George Campbell, calls the "merged monarchy" of Scotland) excited in the minds of the reformers. "Tomfooleries" Mr. Labouchere calls them, as we have said; and the eminent Mr. Conybeare, when the discussion about Lyon was renewed as to Ulster, called them, with great originality and force, "ridiculous pageantries." So "tomfoolery" has high authority, and there can be no harm in using it. But, as tomfoolery *is*, it may perhaps be permissible to inquire a little more narrowly where the tomfoolery lies. There has been a good deal of it this week in high places (if the House of Commons may be called a high place—it is certainly part of a High Court), and it may perhaps go about to be thought that Lyon and Ulster, the Bible Board and the Queen's Limner, are not exactly the persons who have displayed the greatest amount of it.

A more edifying spectacle than the transactions of the House of Commons on Monday and Tuesday nights and on Wednesday morning has not recently been presented in that great seminary of manners. For obstruction, supposing that obstruction were ever excusable, there is now absolutely no excuse whatever. It is irrevocably certain that, at least until the production of the Government Irish policy in the spring, the alliance of Conservatives



and several Unionists is fixed and unalterable. There is not the slightest hope of getting out of the Government anything but vague and meaningless promises. There is no Coercion Bill or other dreadful thing to be staved off by all-night sittings. The Irish party has its settled opportunity of producing Mr. Parnell's scheme. There is not the slightest chance of seriously interfering with the Estimates or of doing more than making things a little inconvenient. Yet for four mortal Parliamentary days forty or fifty of Mr. Parnell's gang, under one or more of his gangsters, backed by some dozen of the stupider kind of English and Scotch Radical of the type of Mr. Conynbears and Sir George Campbell, with Mr. Labouchere to mark the game and spirit up the play now and then, have amused themselves with perfectly aimless, useless, and idle interference with business. It was of course quite certain that the present successor, whoever he is, of "Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms," would get his salary, and that Mr. Conynbears's gentlemanlike and intelligent proposition to vote the sum allotted to the Athlone Pursuivant to "the porter of the Record Office" would have no other effect except that of adding one to the already numerous *signalements* in which Mr. Conynbears has written himself down. The absurd waste of time in the small hours of Tuesday morning might have been planned and carried out simply on the principle "because he knows it teases," for any possible good to any possible human being that it did or could have done. Mr. Conynbears, indeed, is of opinion that "Her Majesty in the speech from the throne confided these subjects" to his and his friends' "careful attention." And Mr. Conynbears, being like all Radicals an eminently loyal man, could not think of neglecting Her Majesty's express command and going off to "grouse moors and game covers," instead of alternately voting for the adjournment and the report of progress at three o'clock in the morning. Certainly there is some tomfoolery about.

We must leave it to Zadkiel and his fellows to decide whether there is anything in "soft-eyed September" (as Mr. Morris, the poet, prettily called it before he left Parnassus for Dod Street) which is conducive to the development of foolishness. It is not confined to politicians, no doubt, but shows itself alarmingly in the newspapers, and that not merely in the correspondence columns. It is bad enough to find a reviewer in the *Times* apparently under the impression that Mr. Henry James's *The American* is a new book, and criticizing it as such. It is still sadder to find the ingenious and generally amiable *amuseur* who signs himself G. A. S. in the *Illustrated London News* working himself into a fume because somebody in these columns spoke of the "anthropomorphists of bean sacks." Not all the books of reference with which, as he once set forth, this industrious person is armed have enabled him to understand what anthropomorphists of bean sacks are, and (having apparently left his manners as well as his Greek somewhere on the way to the Antipodes, and forgotten to call for both on his way back) G. A. S. opines that the wicked man who has bothered him must have "a muddled mind." The muddled mind, excellent G. A. S., is generally considered as appertaining to the posed rather than to the poser, though really in this case it is impossible to see why there should be any posing at all. "Anthropomorphist": a person who assigns human form to something or other. "Anthropomorphist of bean sacks": a person who assigns human form to bean sacks. So we trust that G. A. S.'s mind is unmuddled on that point, and that he will be duly grateful to us for enlightening him on what, after all, it seems that he did not fail to understand. Besides, we will promise never to use the objectionable expression again, but to call the persons in question sufferers from *cyamosaccanthroposopia*, or the disease of seeing bean sacks as it were men. If this is not behaving handsomely we do not know what is. But the desire to behave thus handsomely and to comfort the soul of G. A. S. has led us into a digression, and we must come back to the House of Commons.

Some samples of the diversions of the Radical and Parnellite members of that august assembly have been given, but there are plenty more. It may, of course, be argued by charitable persons that Mr. Clancy has a real and disinterested anxiety for the better management of Crown estates, and the objection of Irish and Radical members to secret service money, some of which goes in the prevention and punishment of political murder, is, of course, intelligible. Sir George Campbell probably objects to the Bible Board because he is not himself the author of the Sacred Scriptures, and Mr. O'Hea's suggestion of a Queen's photographer instead of a limner has a kind of faint and far-off relish of what used to be called Irish humour. There was real comedy in the selection of Mr. John Morley as the mouthpiece for expressing Lord Aberdeen's spiritual experiences and his satisfactions with the services at the Chapel Royal, Dublin. But when the before-mentioned Mr. Clancy availed himself of the vote for the expenses of the Order of St. Patrick to describe certain Irish noblemen as "convicted ruffians" (if the *Daily News* report may be trusted), there does not seem to be much fun, and there does seem to be a good deal of "tomfoolery." It may be interesting in itself to know that Mr. Clancy regards a man who has been mulcted of a quarter of his property by the Land Commission as a convicted ruffian; but a discussion on the Estimates is hardly the place for the information. As for the "dirty trick" which followed, and which in a sense may be said to have punished the Government fairly for making any concessions to a crew of members destitute of rudimentary notions of honourable behaviour, there is no need to say much of that, and equally

brief notice may serve for the Barbavilla debate of Tuesday. The world knew before that Irish members would be likely to sympathize exceptionally with the murderers of a lady who was a landlord's wife, and was coming home from church, and the debate only confirmed that knowledge. But that the real purpose of the discussion was not merely to pay a compliment to Mrs. Smythe's murderers was shown by the fact that it diverged almost at once into talk about Sir Redvers Buller and the Belfast riots. Consistency, at any rate, marked the connexion of the subject of pleuro-pneumonia in cattle with a vote for the Inspectors of Irish Fisheries. The same sweet reasonableness was shown in the discussion of Wednesday. On two or three wretched Irish votes the House was treated to rather less than five hours' conversation on the subjects of the Bantry Local Board, of the clerk to the Inniskillen Union, on the appointment of Inspectors under the Explosives Act, on the investments of a person named Jephson, on the seed-rate, on the arbitrators under the Labourers' Act, on the inspection of drugs in dispensaries, on the necessity of using Keating's Powder in a workhouse bed at Bantry, on piers and harbours, and, finally, on "the mistakes and iniquities of the Board of Works" generally, with more particular reference to a sandbank in Galway harbour, to the furniture of some office in Dublin, and to the married quarters of the Royal Irish Constabulary in the Phoenix. Thursday was again much the same—special attention being devoted, among other things, to the question whether a certain magistrate in Ireland is partial to German bands.

This is a faithful account of the "tomfoolery" which has been going on during the greater part of the Parliamentary week. Owing to the burning questions of the last two Sessions, it is some time since the country was favoured with such a spectacle, and, putting the immediate inconvenience aside, the guilty persons may be perhaps a little thanked for it. Since Mr. Parnell put his followers on their good behaviour in hopes of favours to be received, there has been some danger that it might be forgotten what manner of cattle Irish politicians are. Messrs. Clancy and Harris and Tanner have kindly refreshed the memory of that oblivious entity—the British public—as to the possibility of committing the destinies of Ireland to a Parliament of unmitigated Harrises, Clancys, and Tanners.

#### PANSLAVISM.

IT is natural that to the Western observer the foreign aims and influences of Pan Slavism should appear the most important part of the movement. The suspicion of conquest is suggested by the name, and the desire for it has become of late years the chief rallying point of the party. The Pan Slavist of to-day is often only a Russian chauvinist who has discovered a number of philosophical, or rather philological, excuses for his insatiable greed. But the party did not originate in a mere desire for the territory that belonged to others, nor do the best of those who now lead it regard this as their principal object.

In judging modern Russia, it must always be remembered that its civilization is not a natural outgrowth of the soil, the result of the history or the expression of the individual character of the race. It was originally imported from abroad, in such quantities and solutions as suited the taste of Peter I., and forced upon a reluctant nation by measures similar to those employed to compel the pupils of Dotheboys Hall to swallow their dose of sulphur and treacle. The reforms were decreed and enforced by an irresistible despotic power, and the deepest sentiments of the Russians were outraged when they were compelled to shave and their wives to appear in public assemblies in a dress slightly modified from that of Paris. The Czar commanded his subjects to be free and love him under the most cruel penalties, and in this respect most of his successors have followed in his steps. In the meantime the rights that certain classes and provinces legally enjoyed, and from which a true freedom and a unique civilization might have been developed, were ruthlessly suppressed. The emperors were often men who stood on the level of the highest culture of their time. Peter I. and Catherine II. were undoubtedly possessed of genius, of a somewhat ferocious type. But they were impatient of the slow growth of nature; they wanted to eat the roasted apple on the very day after they had planted the pip, and so the civilization they imposed upon their subjects became a strait-jacket rather than a garment. They treated children as madmen, an advanced Pan Slavist would say, and so they drove them mad.

In a remarkable passage in his *Memoirs* Alexander Herzen insists on the fact that the Russian people never ceased to resent the foreign forms of thought and manners which were imposed upon them by the despotic authority of the State. From reign to reign and from generation to generation new representatives and martyrs of the national feeling arose—men who desired above all things to be Russians, to mould their own lives and the institutions of their country in accordance with their inborn nature, and not to distort them for the purpose of bringing them into harmony with a foreign standard. We call the passage remarkable, because Herzen belonged to the St. Petersburg, or, as it is now frequently called, the European, party, and spent a great part of his early vigour in combating the Slavophiles, the predecessors of the Pan Slavists of to-day.

The war with Napoleon I. and its result did much to inspire the

patriotic feelings of the Russians. For the first time since the enforced introduction of an alien culture the people felt itself a nation, and was ready to forgive the means which had led to so glorious an end. Party was reconciled to party and class to class. The great outburst of literary genius—the works of Gogol, of Pushkin, of Lermontoff, which were produced under the influence of this sentiment, will always render the last years of the reign of Alexander I. memorable in the history of mankind. A strange new hope had breathed over the country, awakening life everywhere, like the breezes that pass across the woodland in spring-time. Nicolas succeeded, and a sudden frost fell on the opening blossoms.

The Slavophiles had profited more than any other party by the national awakening. The party of St. Petersburg might be forgiven, since it had forged the weapons with which the battle was fought; it was Russian hands that had won it; it was Moscow that had laid herself in ashes to bar the way of the Western conqueror—so the unhistoric legend ran. In Germany, the country which Russians detest, and from which they have learned the most, the Romantic School was predominant. The Emperor Alexander I. has been called “a German Romantic poet on a foreign throne,” though he expressed his convictions, as the necessity of the case demanded, in edicts instead of verses. Now the healthiest instinct of the school was to insist on individuality. Every nation, as well as every man, was, according to its teachings, to endeavour to find an adequate expression for its inmost nature, not to conform itself to a hard-and-fast rule. Was not this only another form of stating the demand the Slavophiles had always made?

The Roman Catholic tendencies of the German poets had two important effects on the thought of Russia. Later on, when Nicolas was Emperor and all hope had to be abandoned, many followers of the school of St. Petersburg, like Tschadajeff, turned eyes full of love and longing to the Church whose arms have always been open to the heavy-laden, which has never bent her neck to any worldly power, and, though always beaten, has always been victorious. We are expressing, not our own opinions, but those that were current in Eastern Europe in the years from 1825 to 1832. The reader who has realized what the rule of Nicolas was can readily conceive what their effect must have been upon the liberal adherents of a despotism which had suddenly turned against them, who found the engine they had thought to use instinct with a life and volition of its own, which were chiefly directed against their own ideals and their own persons, and who therefore felt that, whatever house might be built upon a rock, theirs at least had been founded on the sand.

At an earlier period the religious leanings of the Romantic writers had had quite a different effect. They had led to an Orthodox revival that was only half sincere, though it must at least be absolved from any charge of theological pedantry. The national life was to be revived in all its pristine purity, and to this life the teaching of the Eastern Church had certainly belonged. Therefore, to the great surprise of the *popes*, men of culture and position began not only to be frequent at church, but exact in their religious exercises, particularly when people were present who were likely to imitate their devotions. They were indifferent to ridicule, they did not seek the praise of men, they were only anxious to set a good example. They might not themselves exactly believe the doctrines of the Church, but they thought it well that others should believe in them. Still a line must be drawn somewhere; they often confessed to the *popes*, but never invited them to dinner.

That there was a germ of truth in the movement cannot be denied. The Western civilization, which Peter I. introduced by edict, and which he and his followers enforced by all the means which stand at the disposal of a reckless despotism, has placed Russia in the position she now occupies in Europe, but at the same time it has cleft the nation in two. A slower progress, and one that had its origin within rather than outside the country, and was modified by influences that came from below rather than above, would have been more healthy. No skill or pains can crowd the work of centuries into a few years.

On the other hand, the Slavophiles were wrong in supposing that a return to the condition of things that existed before Peter I. was possible. It would probably, on the whole, have been better that he had left matters as they were, or contented himself with small reforms, leaving the beards and the veils of his subjects alone. But there are things that, once having been done, cannot be undone. You may let an oak grow freely, or, with the necessary binding and clipping, make it cover a wall; but, if you have done the latter, and after a century or so take the wall away, you cannot expect your oak to be a stately forest tree. Both men and nations are what they are, not merely by virtue of their internal impulses, but also of their training and circumstances. Otherwise, who would not be a forest tree that covered the world with its branches?

This is exactly what the Panslavists desire Russia to become. But, to drop the metaphor, it is because the school of Moscow, the Slavophiles, despair of effecting an internal reform, that their attention is so eagerly devoted to foreign policy, and they have produced the Panslavists. “As we cannot become great,” they seem to say, “let us at least be big; as we cannot make Russia truly Slav, let us at least bring as much of the world as we can under a semi-Slavonic yoke. The despotism, the official corruption, nay, even the reforms introduced from the West, which

can no longer be altered, we are ready quietly to accept, only we are led on to conquest; but, if you pause, we rebel.”

One is obliged to put matters more sharply when stating them in writing than they ever appear in the real world, and no space is at present left us to explain the effect that the position taken up in 1848 by the Croatians and the other Slav tribes that were subject to Hungary had on the movement. To the outside world it did not appear very generous, though it seems to have filled the Slavophiles with admiration, and to have metamorphosed many of them into Panslavists. Of the means by which the new doctrine has been propagated, and Societies founded for the purpose of studying the literature and antiquities of Bohemia and other provinces of Austria changed into political clubs, we must also for the present be silent. It is enough if we have succeeded in showing that there is, after all, a grain of reason in, and an historical explanation, though not an excuse, for, the most dangerously absurd of modern popular movements.

The school of St. Petersburg desired to render Russia European, to introduce the latest results of the thought and culture of the West into a nation which, less than two centuries ago, was as widely separated from them as China is at present. Apart from mere accidents, it suffered shipwreck on the ignorance of the peasantry, or rather on their want of training, on their inability to bridge over the great gulf that divided them from the civilization of their neighbours. In desperation, many of the younger members of the party thought it best to destroy the whole existing state of things and begin anew. These are the Nihilists.

The party of Moscow wished to revive the old life of Russia as it existed before Peter I. endeavoured to approximate it to that of France, Holland, and England, to develop institutions that had long been dead, and restore a state of things that seemed so attractive, partly, at least, because it was so incompletely known. It found itself checked by the very authorities for which it pretended the greatest reverence, and by the existence of a literature that was foreign both in form and design, and yet intensely Russian in spirit. The more enthusiastic of the revivalists then turned their eyes abroad, and conceived the idea of a Slavonic Empire which would satisfy the highest aspirations of national vanity, and, at the same time, introduce into Russia a large Slavonic element, entirely untainted by the culture of the West. This was the origin of the first and noblest form of Panslavism.

Fortunately for Russia there are men who have run into neither of these extremes, but who acknowledge the truth that is in both and recognize their power. Such men are contented to wait a long time for the results of their labours, to confine their action to small circles, and to further the true interests of their countrymen, patiently, silently, and in the simplest way. It is because Russia contains so large a number of men of this class that she can disregard the irritations of the Panslavists and the threats of the Nihilists.

#### OLD MASTERS AT BRUSSELS.

IT had been known for some months past that there would be opened in the month of September, in the galleries of the Académie Royale of Brussels, and under its auspices, a collection of works by old masters; but the puff preliminary had not been resorted to, and when the Exhibition was duly thrown open at the date announced, it came as an exceedingly pleasant surprise that the gathering should turn out to be one of the very first class, chosen with great skill and apparently with a definite object, and containing hardly any bad or uninteresting works. With two or three notable exceptions, the collection is devoted to the illustration of Flemish, Dutch, and Belgian art during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and it is drawn almost exclusively from the private galleries of Belgian amateurs—the only foreign contributor being Baron Oppenheim of Cologne, who sends works of such marked interest that their inclusion is easily to be understood. Admirable as the gathering is in other respects, it will be chiefly remembered as having brought into greater prominence a number of Dutch and Flemish painters, not, indeed, of the second class—for the exhibition proves the contrary—but whose works are only now being distinguished by degrees from those of better known, if not more consummate, artists, whose good fortune it has been, during the last two hundred years, to absorb much of the fame which should have been distributed in juster and more even proportion, and over a wider area. If we mistake not, after the present exhibition, it may become necessary to revise many catalogues, to add much matter to, and subtract something from, works dealing with the art of the period.

The Italian schools are unrepresented, save by an admirable and perfectly preserved example of the art of Beato Angelico, a “Madonna and Child, with Angels,” lent by the King; it is, as might be imagined, pure and radiant in colour, but shows something less of the Frate’s naïve fervour than usual. A very curious work, “The Bull of Phalaris,” here given to Pinturicchio, shows the brazen beast placed in the open air before a Corinthian portico; the tyrant’s guards are preparing to apply fire to the engine of torture, and round them is gathered a crowd of figures. The style of the piece, which is badly hung, is too laboured and also too advanced for Pinturicchio, but it may well be by a painter who sometimes imitated him, Baldassarre Peruzzi, with whose marked taste for the antique it would well accord.

Baron Oppenheim sends one of the largest and most important specimens extant of the work of Petrus Cristus, a most quaint



"Fiançailles de St. Godeberte," showing St. Elisius, as a jeweller, weighing the nuptial ring in the presence of the plighted pair; it is signed, and dated 1449, and was painted for the Goldsmiths' Guild at Antwerp. Christus appears here as a careful craftsman, full of sincerity and feeling, but far indeed from equalling, nay, from comprehending, the triumphs of his immediate predecessors, the Van Eycks. From the same collection comes an unusually fine example of Gheerardt David, a "Virgin and Child," framed in a landscape laboured in touch, but unusually light and delicate in tone; there is a singular tenderness in the type and expression of the Virgin, derived evidently from Memling, yet perfectly genuine and spontaneous. A very pathetic "St. Jerome in Penitence," rightly given to Dierick Bouts, is evidently very closely related to a picture of the same subject, but of somewhat different composition, in the gallery of the Stædel Institut at Frankfurt, and there given to Memling. The Administration des Hospices de Bruxelles lends a very important and little-known specimen of the work of Bernard v. Orley, a retable in six compartments, in which are delineated the principal incidents in the life of the Virgin. Jérôme Bosch is represented by one of his favourite subjects, a "Last Judgment," in which the painter, notwithstanding an evident desire to inspire a maximum of terror, cannot repress a certain quaint humour, thus creating a doubt whether, after all, the spectator is intended to take the scene quite in grim earnest. A specimen is also shown of the later manner of the remarkable Dutch painter, Jacob Cornelisz, the attributes of whose manner are only now, thanks to modern research, becoming better known; it is an admirable and well-preserved "Virgin giving suck to the Infant Saviour," bearing the monogram of the artist, and dated 1526. Five separate panels of male and female saints, belonging manifestly to the school of Albert Dürer, are here attributed to Barthel Beham, but their somewhat mechanical execution has far more affinity with the style of Schüpflein.

Two large canvases from the Arenberg collection, the "Parable of the Marriage Feast" and the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," attributed to Lambert Lombard, are of great importance, as coming far nearer to the style which we might reasonably expect to be that of the celebrated, yet almost unknown, chef-d'école of Liège, than do the ridiculous productions foisted upon him in our own and other galleries. Here, indeed, is the work of an eclectic of fastidious taste, but of no spontaneity or coherence, in love with Florentine art of the sixteenth century, yet unable altogether to shake off the Flemish nature. If it should be possible to connect these pictures definitively with the master, by means of authenticated drawings—of which several are known to exist—an important step in advance would have been made. Pierre Pourbus, last of the true Flemish portrait-painters who perpetuated some of the best traditions of the Van Eycks, is represented by an admirably modelled and characterized, if somewhat hard, portrait of Jean Almar, signed, and dated 1573; the manner of his son, François Pourbus the elder, is still more strikingly illustrated by a large portrait-piece called "Fête de noces de Georges Hoefnagel," containing twenty figures of about half life-size, some of which are painted both with adequate force, and with a certain refinement of conception which is of peculiar charm. The third and best known Pourbus, the painter of the Gonzagas and of Henri IV., is not represented. The Breughel family, too, make a remarkable show. Old Breughel, *le drôle*, is represented by two authentic specimens—a winter scene of the usual type, and "The Alchemist"; while five important works illustrate the less known side of the talent of Breughel d'Enfer, that derived from his father, of whose style the pictures here exhibited are a successful, if somewhat heavy, imitation. Breughel de Velours makes "acte de présence" with two works, somewhat less conventional than usual. By Josse de Momper there is the important Alpine prospect from the Arenberg Gallery, and by Pierre Snayers a very characteristic "Skirmish in a Wood," dated 1634. Amid a number of Rubenses and so-called Rubenses of doubtful value, and some preliminary sketches by the master of higher and more genuine interest, there stands out the large and important "Miracles of St. Benedict," lent by the King. It is a work full of brilliant, impetuously conceived episodes, but sadly wanting in coherence and in general interest; in colour it is more lurid and sombre in its splendour than is altogether usual with the painter, and this very peculiarity may have tempted Paul Delacroix, by whom there exists a copy which it would have been extraordinarily instructive to examine in conjunction with the original. By Vandeyck, and an exquisite specimen of his later style, is the portrait of one of the children of Charles I., richly dressed in a gown of red-brown shot silk. The picture would be worthy in delicacy to be placed by the side of the famous Turin group, were it not that it is strangely marred by the intrusive coarseness with which two huge scarlet macaws appearing in the foreground are painted; these, in their present state, cannot possibly be from the hand of the master. Among the works of the less-known Flemings we may specify an exquisitely handled "Bords de la Meuse," full of minute detail, yet broad and silvery in general tone, by Lucas van Valkenburgh. Above all, two masterpieces executed by Louis de Vadder in collaboration with David Teniers, should be distinguished. The breadth and freedom of workmanship, the sober richness of colour, the power of pathetic suggestion revealed by these works of a little-known painter are such as to entitle him to a place in the front rank of the artists of the Low Countries. By Adrian van Utrecht there is the magnificent "Still Life" from the Arenberg Gallery, than which of its kind nothing finer has been produced, even by the painter's more renowned

contemporaries Snyders and Fyt. The De Heem group, as well as Willem Claasz Heda, and Pieter Claasz, are very well represented; the example shown of the art of David de Heem the elder being especially noticeable as a most exquisite piece of work.

At the head of the works of the Dutch school must be placed Baron Oppenheim's magnificent portrait of a Dutch burgher by Rembrandt. This picture, which is apparently still unidentified, shows a vigorous citizen of middle age and of the upper class, wearing an ample black satin cloak and a black hat, relieved only by a white collar and the tan gloves which he holds. It bears the date 1654—a notable one, for that year was among the most productive of the master's later years—and is remarkable for the supreme yet exceptionally undemonstrative mastery of the handling, and also for a certain prosaic element contained in the very just conception of the sitter's personality—an uncoloured objectivity, which is not always found to the same extent in the more imaginative and subjective work of the master's later time. Rembrandt's earlier style is represented by the very characteristic and little known "St. Peter in Prison," signed "R. H. 1631," which is contributed by the Prince de Mérode; the picture is unusually advanced, both in conception and style, for that early period. Neither of these works appears either in Vosmaer's list of the master's works, or in the carefully compiled catalogue appended to Herr Wilhelm Bode's quite recent work on the Dutch masters. The magic name of Vermeer of Delft appears twice in the catalogue, yet nothing on the walls can with certainty be attributed to him; the landscape put down as his work certainly bears the signature "J. v. Meer," but it has little or nothing in common with any extant work of the master; while a dry, carefully-painted portrait called "L'Ecolier Studieux" is much after the manner of the curious portrait by Isaac v. Ostade in the National Gallery. Apparently by an inadvertence, two charming pieces of *genre* on a small scale, "A Boy and Girl Playing" and "Two Girls Playing with a Cat," are attributed to Frans Hals; they are really admirable specimens of the manner of his less famous brother, Dirk Hals. Of the same school, but richer and more varied in colour, are two exquisite specimens of the manner of Palamedes Stevart, who has, indeed, rarely been seen to such advantage as in the present gathering. In avowed imitation of the later manner of Frans Hals, but without that magic precision which that great craftsman knew so well how to combine with daring, is a remarkable "Intérieur de Cabaret," by Adrian Brouwer, characteristic in subject, while somewhat exceptional in technique. By Adrian van der Venne are two fantastic grisailles, "Combat de Gueux" and "Arme Weelde," somewhat loosely handled, but marked by a grotesque power, a *furia*, which are strangely unlike the straightforward realism which distinguishes most similar works of the period.

Terborch is represented by a large canvas, "Le Départ pour l'Armée," which, in point of mere size, is probably the most important painted by him. It shows a cavalier, followed by a numerous retinue, in the act of taking leave of an ornate and self-possessed dame, whose ladies group themselves around her, as she stands, in the light of approaching evening, on the steps of a château. The picture contains many exquisite passages of colour and execution; yet the painter is revealed as one who could not adequately realize the dramatic and moving elements of the incident chosen, in which he only saw a subject for elaborate *genre*. A marvellous little gem by the same master is the head and bust of a blond cavalier, dressed in grey and silver, and wearing a *jabot* of Spanish lace. M. Meissonier might possibly equal the execution, though not the colour, of this little portrait, but he could assuredly not infuse into his work the life, the truth, the sympathy, which no less than the perfection of technique distinguish the best productions of the Dutchman. By Gerard Dou is a work of unusual interest and magnitude, bearing the date 1653. It is an "Adoration of the Magi," painted in undisguised imitation of Rembrandt's chiaroscuro effects and rich fantastic costumes. The pupil has expended untiring labour on the multitude of small figures which make up his elaborate work; yet nothing could be further from the intense religious feeling, the mysterious pathos, the mastery which are the inimitable qualities of his great prototype. The exhibition contains, besides those already specified, important works by Schoorel (F), Henri de Bles, Marinus de Romerswaal, Otto Venius, Boeyermans, Nicholas Maes, Van der Helst, Paul Potter, A. van Ostade, Teniers, and many others, of which it is impossible here to make separate mention, though they richly deserve special and detailed notice.

## AJI-AJI.

PEPPER of Peppers is the meaning of this compound Quichuan word, and both word and thing are largely distributed over South America, extending from the Bibio-Bio in the south to the Atrato in the north; it is also found in the dialects of the Gran Chaco; in Aymara, in Andaqui, among the agricultural Indians of Chocó, the mining Indians of Potosí, and the Cerro de Pasco. It is the finest of all peppers—no other pepper in either hemisphere competes with it—not the *Piper nigrum*, nor the *Capsicum baccatum*, nor the *C. frutescens*, the *C. annuum*, nor yet the *Eugenia pimenta*; all these are varied merely in pungency, some being sharp and fiery, others caustic and stimulating, and some pricking and penetrating. But the refined and delicate Aji is persuasive and enticing, of not one flavour but

many flavours; it never conceals, but, on the contrary, increases whatever of fragrance and sweetness of taste or smell it comes in contact with; while giving new zest, yet it does not interfere with the flavour of a fresh-laid egg, nor hide the fresh sea breath which lingers in a well-dressed sole. It is on the most agreeable terms with a grilled chop at breakfast, or a Spanish onion at dinner; it keeps good company with all the curries, and while it puts none out of countenance, it refines and elevates them all. The excellence of its service is most appreciated in connexion with grills, fricassees, and soups, while it serves to bring out the delicate, if elementary, flavour of the strawberry, and the fathomless mysteries of the cantaloupe. On a cold winter's night a sprinkling of aji in mulled claret has been known to give great pleasure, and cause a grateful surprise to many knowing ones. One quaint little gourd filled with aji will supersede the most elaborate of cruet-stands. It is the poor bachelor's boon, the gourmand's friend and guide, and the dainty man's companion. Alack! it has recently been discovered by an eminently practical people that it has a secret property which adds to all its other properties—namely, the priceless property of defending the health of human beings who are dependent upon food under circumstances of mortal danger. If an army must encamp in a swamp, and eat its dinner in a malarious atmosphere, let the food be prepared with a generous supply of the salubrious aji, no evil shall happen. This is the priceless quality which has recently been discovered by the War Department of the United States, which has secured, so we are informed, a monopoly of all the aji which is exported from South America. No aji in these days finds its way to London, and that which we once enjoyed in the belief that it would never fail us has become nothing but a sigh and a regret. It remains to be seen whether the people who have acclimatized the cinchona trees in the Neilgherries, in Ceylon, in Jamaica, and in Fiji will allow themselves to be deprived of their delicious and inspiring aji.

There are two kinds of aji; but there is only one way of preparing it. The best is that which is taken from the greatest variety of peppers. The pods of these are made when fresh, stripped of their seeds, and ground into a paste of the consistence of fresh spring butter. The paste is put into a small, well-dried gourd, prepared on purpose, of the size and shape of a well-grown orange. The gourd, when thus charged, is then coated with a layer of well-tempered clay, and placed in the sun to dry, or to ripen, as the simple people who prepare it say in their own tongue. By the time when the clay is well baked the pulp or paste within has been dried into a fine yellow powder, and it is then fit for use. Many people, ignorant of this fine art of the Incas, have supposed, quite naturally, that these aji-laden gourds, with their exquisite flavour and refined taste, were some uncommon and little-known natural fruits. The other method of preparing aji is to grind the seeds with the pods, which simply adds great pungency to the pepper, and is always used in the preparation of maize or Indian corn, which is boiled in its own husk with much aji, and surpasses in flavour and pleasantness any vegetable curry of the East. The gourds of aji, when thoroughly ripe, are cleansed of their coating of clay, tied up in suitable leaves, well secured by the fibre of the aloe, and which much resemble when ready for market reeves of large onions, a dozen gourds making up one reeve of aji. The cost of these in the good old times was fifteenpence for a dozen gourds; what the price may be now is only known on the Exchange. Time was when some of the old families of the interior who had passed their lives in ignorance of railways, daily newspapers, and quotations of the state of the markets, had their own special way of preparing aji, mixing with it some delicately scented bark ground to powder, or other salutary substance known only to the reticent Indian. From such houses no visitor was ever allowed to take his departure without carrying with him a supply of the latest-made aji; no traveller went to the capital or any of the coast towns but he carried with him some of this excellent pepper as a present to the archbishop or bishop of the diocese, the ladies of Santa Rosa, or the good Fathers who once a year went long journeys to baptize the children, marry their parents, and otherwise maintain the influence and authority of the Church in the remote parts of the earth. But even this good custom is fast dying out.

#### SISTER MARY.

THE new play *Sister Mary*, produced at the Comedy on Saturday, and written specially for Miss Lingard by Messrs. Wilson Barrett and Clement Scott, may be said to fulfil at least two popular requirements. It is admirably suited to the simple tastes of the indefatigable playgoers who pour into London from the country at this dead season of the year, and it affords Miss Lingard excellent opportunities, particularly in the form of sensational situations, in the development of which the emotional power of the actress is very effectively displayed. The story is one of sacrifice and self-sacrifice. The victim of sacrifice is the young and injured Rose Fisher, killed in the last act in a skirmish near Majuba Hill, and done to death by the authors, in defiance of old-fashioned notions of morality and poetical justice, in order that her betrayer, Walter Leigh, should be united to the scrupulous and high-minded Mary Lisle, otherwise "Sister Mary." This little device would call for no comment if the play did not bristle with didactic platitudes of an unimpeachably moral and elevating tendency. The self-sacrifice in the

drama involves the heroine, Sister Mary, who, having miraculously converted Captain Walter Leigh from a ruinous course of brandy-drinking, becomes his affianced bride, and only learns his perfidious conduct to her friend Rose Fisher, alias Rose Reade, on the very morning of the wedding. On that morning the revelation is ingeniously brought about by the agency of Rose, who for the first time gives her friend the name of her lover, and the photograph in the bride's locket is identified. Hereupon the unhappy girl tears off her bridal wreath and veil, and, on the entry of the bridegroom, rejects him, deaf to all his passionate entreaties, and commands him to make the only reparation to Rose that remains to him. Rid of his presence, and with the church bells ringing in her ears, she falls agonized upon the floor. As an aggravation of the enormity of his offence, Walter Leigh had denied, immediately before the visit of Rose, that he ever loved another, though it is clear he could not have forgotten the past, or he would not have sought to deaden remorse by dissipation. It were easy to magnify this incident, even to the extent of charging the dramatists with inconsistency; but it should not be overlooked that Walter Leigh's denial, when questioned by Mary Lisle, is attended by an almost imperceptible hesitation, suggested with admirable art by Mr. Leonard Boyne, and by no means the least artistic touch in an impersonation that abounds in merit. The actor, indeed, rescues the dramatists from a difficulty that might be exceedingly disagreeable to writers of lofty aim. He shows Walter Leigh's falsehood to be a conscious lie, and not uttered in forgetfulness. Twelve months are supposed to have passed since this tumultuous scene, and all the persons in the drama come together in the Hospital Fort by Majuba Hill, the ladies actively engaged under the Red Cross, the men in various capacities. The dénouement is arrived at in a lively realistic episode. A convoy of stores, to which Rose is attached, is attacked by the Boers within sight of the fort, and Walter Leigh hastens to the rescue, defeats the enemy, and returns with the intelligence that the unfortunate Rose is killed.

The dramatic interest in *Sister Mary* centres in the third act, in which Miss Lingard's acting shows great power in very distinct phases of emotion. She is at the best in the soliloquy that follows the revelation of Leigh's past life, when the sudden resolve of self-sacrifice is impressively suggested in the constrained yet solemn calm that fills a momentary pause in her anguish. Apart from this scene, the actress's powers are not exercised, a fact that heightens the impressiveness of the climax. Mr. Leonard Boyne's acting, as Walter Leigh, is in no sense inferior to Miss Lingard's. He plays the part of the cynical half-besotted officer in the first act with the right measure of restraint, in this respect offering a strange contrast with the over-emphasis and roughness of the minor characters. He should not, however, indulge in the short nervous laugh, so effective in the first act, when talking to the bride in the third act. This is, perhaps, the one flagrantly inartistic circumstance in Mr. Boyne's acting. Miss Maggie Hunt's Rose Reade is natural and discreet. The power of good acting operating against the extreme artificiality of the play is well exemplified in the third act. Here, and here alone, are we able to forget the extravagant tissue of incidents, the stilted dialogue, and ultra-sentimentalism of the piece. Both the scene and period of *Sister Mary* might seem to offer realistic pictures of the manners and customs of the class of people with whom a colonel in the British army naturally associates. Colonel Malcolm, the uncle of Sister Mary, is certainly a remarkable specimen of the English officer and gentleman. The young ladies and young gentlemen of his circle are distinguished by eccentricities of speech and deportment that justify the most amazing sketches of English society ever perpetrated by the inventive and intelligent foreigner. In the dialogue of the first two acts it must be admitted there is only too much of the inflated sentiment that well accords with such deportment. We could forgive *Sister Mary* much that disconcerts the ideal of virtue presented in the third act; but we cannot forget the dull dialogue about "Dobson," or the fluent commonplaces on the duties of the rich and the wrongs of the poor which savour of the oratory of Dod Street. Not less curious are the venerable gibes at parsons and magistrates by which the Colonel's young friends prove their title to the friendship of a gallant officer and their position in a social circle of high breeding and courteous traditions.

#### THE RISE IN THE INDIAN EXCHANGES.

ON Wednesday of last week there was a sudden and extraordinary rise in the Indian exchanges. The India Council on the 1st of September sold its drafts upon the Indian Presidency Treasuries at a little under 1s. 4½d. per rupee, and on Wednesday, the 8th, it sold a portion of its drafts at a little under 1s. 5½d. per rupee. This was a rise of about a penny in the rupee, or, roughly, about 6 per cent. And the rise in the Calcutta and Bombay Exchanges was in proportion. In other words, if a person wishing to remit money from India to London had done so on the 1st of September, he would have got in exchange for his rupees in English money about 6 per cent. less than he would have obtained a week later. The immediate occasion of the rise was twofold. The appointment of the Currency Commission excited a general expectation that the inquiry must result in measures that will be favourable to the rehabilitation of silver. And, secondly, it was due to the preparations made for subscribing to the Rupee Loan brought out in Calcutta on Friday of



last week. A number of London capitalists, it is understood, had determined to apply for large amounts of the loan, and to do so it was necessary to have on deposit in Calcutta considerable sums. In order to provide these funds they applied for India Council drafts, which in substance are neither more nor less than orders to pay the sums named at the Presidency Treasury for which the draft is given. But these were temporary causes. Behind them was the fact that the previous fall in the exchange had been exaggerated, and that a recovery was reasonably to be expected. That this is so is proved by the circumstance that, although the full rise of last week has not been maintained, the India Council drafts on Wednesday last were sold at a fraction over 1s. 5d. per rupee. How extreme and sudden has been the fall in the rupee during the past twelve months may be shown briefly. On the 2nd of September of last year the India Council drafts were sold at 1s. 6½d. per rupee; on the 3rd of March of this year—that is, six months later—the bills were sold at 1s. 6d. per rupee. This was a fall of a halfpenny in the rupee, or about 2½ per cent. But on the 1st of September of the present year the Council's drafts were sold at a little under 1s. 4½d. per rupee. In the last six months this shows a fall of 1½d. in the rupee, or over 8½ per cent. In the twelve months from the beginning of September last year to the beginning of September this year, the total fall was about 11 per cent., and in the interval the price of Council drafts was even lower still. The causes of the fall are mainly three. Owing to the rise in the purchasing power of gold, or to its appreciation, as the technical phrase is, all prices have been falling for some years past. The price of silver, which in Europe generally is now a commodity, had not fallen in the same proportion as other prices. There had been in the beginning a very rapid and extreme fall in silver; but subsequently there had been a recovery. For several years silver had remained steady, and it was reasonably to be inferred that, as the consumption of silver did not increase while its supply was increasing, the arrest in the fall of silver would not be maintained, and that its price must come down just as the prices of other commodities had come down. There only wanted some exceptional circumstance to set the movement going, and the impetus was supplied by the agitation in the United States last year for the repeal of the Bland Act. The present administration is in favour of the repeal of that Act, and it was feared that the Administration, with the great banking and capitalist interests, would be strong enough to repeal the Act, to stop the coining of silver in the United States, and consequently to increase the supply in the markets of Europe by about five millions sterling a year, and thus to precipitate an extremely great fall.

These two leading causes were reinforced by a third, which for the moment perhaps has had even greater influence. The fall in the exchange, as our readers are aware, together with the opening up of India by means of railways, the fall in freights, and the reduction in the Suez Canal dues, has greatly developed the export trade of India, and consequently enriched the producing and cultivating classes. This has led to an increased demand for European goods, and for a considerable time past the imports into India consequently have been steadily increasing. It is alleged that the imports are exaggerated by an active speculation amongst the native dealers at the great towns; but, whether this be so or not, there can be no reasonable doubt that the purchasing power of the Indian population has greatly increased of late, and consequently the native demand for European goods. Now the imports into India, taken in their entirety, consist of commodities, securities, treasure, India Council drafts, and railway bills. If any of these largely increase, it is evident that, unless the demand for all classes increases at the same time, there must either be a falling off in the imports of other classes or else the other classes of imports must compete by lowering prices. This is what has happened in the case before us. The native demand in India for European goods, and chiefly for English cotton piece goods, has increased very greatly. There was not room in consequence for the same amount of treasure and Council drafts, and therefore there was a fall in the exchange. The India Council was able to reduce its drawings, by means of borrowing, for the last two years. Nevertheless, even the reduced drawings, together with the imports of silver, were so much larger than the requirements of trade that there necessarily followed a fall in the exchange. And the fall was exaggerated by panic. When the exporters of cotton piece goods from Lancashire perceived that, owing to the apprehensions excited by the proposed repeal of the Bland Act, the Indian exchanges were going down, they endeavoured to protect themselves from loss by "fixing the exchange forward," as the slang of the trade goes. In other words, they negotiated with the Indian banks for the sale to them of telegraphic transfers, that is, orders by telegram to pay money up to a specified amount at fixed rates per rupee. But as the exporters of piece goods were unwilling to take the risk of a fall in the exchange, it was not likely that the Indian banks would assume that risk except for a corresponding profit. Accordingly, when agreeing to sell their telegraphic transfers months beforehand at fixed rates, they took care to fix those rates so low as to give reasonable assurance that they would not suffer loss. When the demand for the sale of these telegraphic transfers months ahead continued to grow, the Indian banks took further precautions by lowering the price at which they would sell; and thus, as the alarm of the exporters of piece goods grew, and they became more anxious to secure themselves against the risk of a further fall, the Indian banks, to protect themselves in return, put down the exchange more and more. It was reasonably to be expected that this kind

of competition would not go on very long. At a given point the exporters of goods were sure to find out that they were playing a losing game, and, as soon as they did so, the Indian banks would have no motive for lowering the price of their bills and telegraphic transfers, and there would be inevitably a recovery in the exchanges. This has happened as a matter of course. Partly, we believe, there is a falling off in the demand for piece goods in India, and partly the exporters have entered into as many contracts as they are inclined to agree to for the present. There would thus in any case have been a recovery in the exchanges, and when the preparations for the Rupee Loan in Calcutta last week came to be made, and created an extraordinary demand for Council drafts, and when in addition the appointment of the Currency Commission was announced, a recovery took place quite suddenly, and was more marked than had been anticipated.

Although a recovery in the exchanges was thus reasonably to be looked for, it does not of course follow that the recovery must be permanent. Whether it will be so or not depends upon a multiplicity of circumstances. In the first place, if the imports into India continue very large, and if there should be any falling off in the exports, it is clear that exchange must go down. Experience shows that there ought to be an excess of from 300 to 400 lakhs of rupees in the value of the exports from India over the imports into the country. During the three years ended with June 1885 there was not this excess, and consequently in the following twelve months we had the great fall in the exchanges to which we have called attention above. In the year ended with June last, however, there was an excess of over 400 lakhs of rupees. Consequently, the balance between imports and exports has been redressed, and from this circumstance alone a recovery in the exchanges was to be looked for. Although the imports into India had been exceedingly large, the exports have been even larger still. If, then, the excess of exports over imports continues to the same extent, it would be reasonable to anticipate at least a maintenance of the present recovery in exchanges. But, on the other hand, if the India Council should largely increase its drawings, there might be a fall in the exchanges. During the past two years the India Council has been able to reduce its drawings by raising loans either for themselves or for the Railway Companies here in London. If by some similar device it keeps its drawings considerably lower than they were a few years ago, there will be further reason to look for a maintenance of the recovery in the exchanges, or perhaps even a further rise. But, on the other hand, if the drawings are increased there will be a break in the exchange. Lastly, if there should be a further fall in silver, it is clear that the exchanges must fall likewise. The rupee being a silver coin, if the value of silver compared with gold declines, the value of the rupee compared with gold must also decline. Now there are no means of forming a trustworthy opinion as to whether the fall in silver is likely to continue or not. It is one of the points that has just been referred to the Currency Commission, and it is to be hoped that the inquiries of that Commission will enlighten us upon the subject. But, as matters stand, there are absolutely no data upon which to form a confident opinion. We know beyond all doubt that the production of silver has increased of late years, and we know with equal certainty that the consumption of silver has fallen off. In fact, except for subsidiary purposes, the coining of silver has ceased throughout Europe. India is now the only great market for the metal. Further, there are good reasons for believing that the cost of mining silver is lower than it was. It is said that the chemical processes employed in extracting the pure metal from the ore have been greatly improved of late, and that this is equivalent to a very considerable reduction in the cost of mining. It is, further, clear that as railways have been extended in the Western States and Territories of the United States and in Mexico, they have cheapened the cost of carrying the metal from the mines to the seaboard. As a rule, silver mines are situated in mountainous and difficult regions, at a considerable distance from the sea. By extending railways up to the mines the cost of transporting the metal has been considerably reduced. Thus it follows that, while new mines have been discovered, the cost of working both the new and the old mines has been reduced, and that likewise the cost of transporting the metal from the mines has been lessened. And, on the other side, it is undoubted that the consumption of silver has fallen off. But while all this is unquestionable, or at any rate unquestioned, there are no means of judging whether the fall that has actually taken place fully represents the decrease in consumption and the diminution in cost of production. In the opinion of many people, silver enough to meet all the demands of the world can now be produced at three shillings an ounce, or even lower; while in the opinion of equally competent persons the present fall is exorbitant, and enough of silver to supply the demands of the world cannot be permanently produced under four shillings per ounce. Experts differing thus in their opinions, it is impossible to form any estimate as to whether there is likely to be a further fall or a rise in silver. All we can be sure of is that, if silver falls, the Indian exchanges will fall with it, and that, if silver rises, the Indian exchanges will rise with it.

## THE ST. LEGER.

"OF course, I am sure to win," said an Irish officer before a certain regimental steeplechase; "but there may be a devil of a pretty race for second." This was much the tone in which the late St. Leger was spoken of before the event; for, it was said that Ormonde must win, and that the only interest in the race consisted in the question as to what would be second. The sporting prophets were much to be pitied. There was absolutely nothing for them to say about the St. Leger, except that Ormonde would win, and that the name of the second in the race was a matter of uncertainty, but of little interest.

The question presented itself whether there was such a thing in racing as a certainty. Those who had laid long odds on favourites at Ascot and elsewhere responded in the negative. Yet the present appeared to be an exceptional case. Ormonde had never been beaten; he had won three races last year and four this, including the Derby and the Two Thousand, crediting his owner with between 15,000*l.* and 16,000*l.* in stakes, and he had never been pressed in any of his finishes. It was maintained by many excellent judges that he was "the horse of the century," if not the very best horse that the world had ever seen. Such being the case, to lay 7 to 1 on him seemed to be merely investing money at 14 per cent. for the day. The risks were said to be infinitesimal. In addition to the horse's undoubted speed and stamina, there were the additional guarantees of his iron constitution, his unimpeachable owner, his unimpeachable trainer, and "Archer up." What more could be wanted? The thing was as safe as Consols.

In spite of the race being voted uninteresting, the attendance was but little, if at all, below the average, and the day was fortunately fine and bright, although somewhat chilly. As had been expected, the field was exceptionally small, only seven horses going to the post; but it was larger by one than that of Stockwell's year. There was very little betting on the race, and at one time as much as 8 to 1 was laid on the favourite. Even with so small a field there was a false start; but when they had got fairly off the horses were on very even terms. They went very slowly at first, and the consequence was that, judged by the time test, the race was not a particularly fast one; yet, after they had gone about a quarter of a mile, Exmoor and Oracle made the running to the best of their ability, so in reality it was a strong-run race. Archer allowed the favourite to take the lead at the bend, and, as all the world knows, he won in a common canter by four lengths from "Mr. Manton's" St. Mirin, Exmoor being a bad third. Ormonde has now won more than 20,000*l.* in stakes. Although the Duke of Westminster had won three Derbies, this was his first St. Leger. He has now won each of the so-called classic races except the Oaks. It certainly cannot be said that the race for this year's St. Leger was exciting; but those who are fond of boasting that they like to see a race won by a good horse ought to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly last Wednesday, and it is likely enough that some years hence people may feel prouder of having seen Ormonde's St. Leger than any other. If the race was not interesting, it was undoubtedly a remarkable one.

Even with Ormonde out of the way, something would probably have been taken from the interest of the St. Leger through St. Mirin, Gay Hermit, and Button Park all being in the same stable; for the selected of the trio put the others out of court. Then the absence of The Bard from the nominations, and the crippled conditions of Minting and Saraband, did much to spoil the race. If these three horses had gone to the post, it is probable that odds would have still been laid upon Ormonde; but the race would certainly have been more interesting. Unfortunately, too, for the reputation of the St. Leger, the race of last year had also been a very hollow affair. More than 2 to 1 had been laid on Melton, the winner of the Derby, and he had won by half a dozen lengths. In these days of Ten and Eleven-Thousand-Pound stakes it may be all that the old-fashioned races can do to maintain their reputation, and many people declare that the glories of the St. Leger are things of the past. These croakers appear to forget that, not only have the favourites of the two last St. Leger been colts of very exceptional merit, but the fillies of both this year and last have been below the average, at any rate so far as comparison with the colts is concerned. In ordinary years the three-year-old colts and fillies can hardly be said to have been fairly tried together before the St. Leger, and on this ground a winner of the St. Leger can often claim to be a more truly representative three-year-old than a winner of the Derby. This year no filly ran in the St. Leger or the Derby. Now and then we may have a Shotover or a Blink Bonny, but generally speaking mares are not started for the Derby, or, if they are, they do not show their best form; whereas the St. Leger is the recognized test of the colts and the fillies together. After all, when we talk about the new Ten-Thousand-Pound Stakes as such dangerous rivals to races like the St. Leger, we must not forget that the latter is sometimes worth between six and seven thousand pounds—a very fair honorarium in addition to the honour and glory of a classic race, to say nothing of the enhanced value of the winner. Besides, even if a Hundred-Thousand-Pound race were to be established, Yorkshiremen would think it of very minor importance in comparison with "t'Leger."

## THE TIMBER MANOR-HOUSES OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

IN the days when the Scots were wont to come harrying through the plains of Lancashire, and when the Welsh were threatening across the Cheshire borders, it was a needful thing for the gentleman of either county to make his homestead in some place of vantage against the invader. If it happened that a hill rose from the level, or there was a favourable bend in the river, the position of the house was decided; but when nature did not lend herself to his defences, he built it still as stoutly as might be, and fenced it around with an open moat, and gave admission generally by a drawbridge only. Stone was scarce and difficult to procure, except in the hilly country to the north-east; so the basement alone was built of it, and the superstructure was framed in gigantic beams of oak, placed at intervals and with a view to effect, the spaces between them being filled in with wicker-work, covered with clay and afterwards with plaster. Lancashire and Cheshire were richer in this "magpie" or black-and-white half-timber work than any other district of England, and they may be proud of the numerous examples of it which they yet possess. Often in the suburbs of some busy centre of the cotton industry will a quaint old mansion be found amongst the cottages, smoke-begrimed like them, and falling into misery and decay; and again, far away in the country, where the cattle stand up to the flanks in the long grass and a cornfield stretches behind, we see the picturesque gables peeping above the hedgerows, and there are pigeons strutting about mediæval dovecotes. Some of these manor-houses are preserved fittingly by owners who value them; but, too often,

An orchard, and a moat, half-dry,  
Remain, sole relics of a power passed by,  
or the house is utterly defaced, or has fallen into decrepit and picturesque decay.

These manor-houses, when they had any pretensions to importance, were never built on an ordinary rectangular plan; they were E-shaped, L-shaped, or quadrangular, but the quadrangular mansion, surrounded by a moat, may be taken as the best type. Leland describes Morley Hall as standing upon a stone basement which rose six feet above the waters of the moat, and as otherwise "al of tymbre after the commune sort of building of Houses of the Gentilmen for most of Lancastreshire," and, he might have added, of Cheshire, too. In mediæval times, from before the year 1300, the moat was usually crossed by a drawbridge, which, in the Tudor period, was occasionally replaced by one of stone. In the waters below grew the *Acorus calamus*, or sweet-flag, a pleasantly-scented reed, which was used to strew the floors of the chambers within. Entering the building beneath the archway, the visitor found himself in a quadrangular courtyard, where often yew-trees grew, as at Speke, and where sometimes a sundial stood. The domestic offices and dwelling-rooms which surrounded him were generally painted black and cream-colour, the timbering being very ornamental in places, and the irregular distribution of the gables and roof-trees gave a very charming sky-line. Opposite to him would be the great hall, with its characteristic projecting bay, and the lord's chamber, and, near them, the kitchens, with the buttery and pantry; the withdrawing-room and dancing-gallery might be on one hand, and the domestic chapel and priest's room on the other; then there were the servants' apartments, the bed-chambers, and other domestic offices. The great hall was the principal chamber of the house, where the lord kept up his state with his retainers about him, and where he gave great hospitality both to strangers and to friends. It was entered from a passage leading from the court-yard through an archway in a carved oak screen, and the aspect of the interior was usually very fine, for the hall was sometimes nearly fifty feet long and about half as wide, and it might be larger. Some of the later halls have flat ceilings; but the open timber roof is the better type, and some very admirable examples of it yet remain, as at Rufford, where carved angels support the shields, and at Baguley, where the work rests upon wooden arches and pillars, the spans being filled with open trefoil tracery. At the far end of the hall stood the lord's high-table, upon a dais, with a carved canopy over it, and there he sat with his family and friends, while the retainers were in the space below. The lord had a great projecting bay near him, which had seats in it, and served almost as a drawing-room; and the musicians were placed in a minstrels' gallery constructed over the entrance passage at the far end of the hall. Near the lord also was the immense arched fireplace, with its ingle-nook, where he could sit when the wind blew cold without. All these are features illustrated even now in very many of the existing manor-houses of Lancashire and Cheshire. The smaller hall, or lord's chamber, was entered from the dais, and was an elegant room where the family sometimes dined in private, especially when the great hall was cold and draughty in winter. It was a pleasant place in summer, too; for it often had a bay projecting into the garden, with a doorway, a feature sometimes very picturesquely treated, as at Ordsall, near Manchester, where the door is placed between the small *vis-à-vis* bays. The ladies' withdrawing-room was close at hand, and was an apartment of considerable elegance, often, in later times, with an elaborate plaster ceiling, divided into panels by carved beams, the panels, as at Speke, being enriched with fruit and flowering shrubs in high relief. The most elaborate example of plaster-work in Lancashire is probably at Astley Hall, near Chorley, where the pendentives are cherubs in the Italian taste,



which would doubtless fall if lead had not been used in their construction. The largest of the apartments on the second floor, reached often by a circular staircase, was the gallery or dancing-room, where one may picture many a gay scene of stately dance when the neighbours came together, and may fancy yet that the echoes of mediæval music linger. At the last-named hall, which indeed was partly reconstructed in Jacobean times, a good example of the dancing-gallery remains, with its windows and bays extending the whole length of the façade, some 72 feet in all. The chamber is panelled in oak from floor to ceiling, and quaint tall-backed chairs stand against the wall, with carved presses and cabinets of great richness. But the most interesting piece of furniture in the room is an ancient shovel or shove-groat table, very massive in its framing of oak. "Hit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling," says Shakespeare, in allusion to the game that was played upon it. The remaining portion of the upper floor of these north-country manor-houses was usually occupied by the bed-chambers, which had a pleasant outlook into the courtyard, or at the great barns and stables, or over the moat at the yellow cornfields beyond. The domestic chapel, which often formed a picturesque feature in the main building of the house, stood sometimes apart, and was occasionally placed beyond the moat. In nearly all these houses hiding-holes exist, or the traces of them, especially in those built or reconstructed in Tudor times, when recusants were hunted for, of whom there were plenty in Lancashire and Cheshire. A good example of the hiding-place may be traced at Moreton Hall, where two apartments are entered by a sliding panel, and where an arrangement in the floor enabled a fugitive to reach them from the furthest end of the house. The farm buildings of the manor-house stood apart, perhaps in a separate quadrangle or at a little distance from the main edifice, the chief being the great barn, erected on a church-like plan, with nave and aisles, and sometimes, as at Ordsall, with transepts also.

Such a building as is here sketched is a fine example of the mediæval dwelling-place, where the lord lived with his family and adherents, at peace with all except such as the drawbridge excluded. The community needed little help from without; for it had corn-land enough for its wants, and there were pastures where the kine fed and the sheep fattened; then there were dairies, barns, and stables in abundance, and the lord had hawking enough for his entertainment. Besides, it had its domestic chaplain, who not only ministered in religion, but was also the instructor of its youth and the custodian of such a library as it possessed. It is not unnatural that a certain independence should have been engendered in the lord of such a household; and, as a matter of fact, he did sometimes carry things in a somewhat high-handed manner with his neighbours, though, on the whole, he was placable and patriotic, as became him, and he had many kindred about him, so that he was felt to be a power in the State. When need was, he would go forth with his men-at-arms and his bowmen and spear-men in his train, and do many a doughty deed in his country's battles. His name was recorded amongst the victors at Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, and elsewhere; and he fought and suffered for the Red Rose of Lancaster. It is not surprising that the house he inhabited should have become the centre-point of many a legend and story, or that its panelled chambers and mysterious hiding-places should be deemed to have tenants other than those of the flesh. Perhaps, as at Samlesbury, there may be some strange story of witchcraft told of it; or, like Kempnall, it may heretofore have been inhabited by demons; or there may be a mysterious skull in its chambers, as at Wardley, where the Tyldesleys dwelt.

One of the most interesting timber manor-houses in Lancashire is the very characteristic one of Speke, near Liverpool, built by Edward Norreys in 1598, and whose hall is enriched with a wainscot, probably brought, with other treasures, from Holyrood by Sir Edward Norreys, who fought at Flodden Field. Here we have the quadrangular structure, with the quaint gables and the yew-trees overshadowing them, and the encircling moat, now dry, crossed by a bridge of stone. Ordsall, already alluded to, the ancient residence of the Radcliffes, although sadly decayed, is distinctly noteworthy on account of its magnificent great hall and its characteristic barn. The ancient hall of Smithills, near Bolton, will excite the interest of many visitors, because of its old-world aspect, its quaint panelling, its curious carvings, and its glass; and the celebrated Hall i' th' Wood, not far away, with its mixture of picturesque woodwork and weather-stained stone, and its story of Samuel Crompton, with his "mule" concealed in its attic, is scarcely less interesting. This district is, indeed, rich in remains of timber architecture; and the Halls of Great Lever and Little Bolton, as well as Turton Tower, all deserve much notice. Rufford Old Hall is another admirable example of the Lancashire manor-house, picturesque in its wood and plaster, and filled with the most elaborate carving internally. Samlesbury, near Blackburn, built about 1548 by Sir Thomas Southworth, has a hall with a very fine timber roof, and a chapel of some importance; and there are points of great interest in the halls of Agecroft, Denton, Newton, Ince, Wardley, and in many others scattered over the county of Lancaster. Cheshire, although not quite so rich in manor-houses as Lancashire, possesses some of great age and beauty. Of these, Baguley, the residence of Sir William Baguley or Baggiley in the days of Edward II., which, indeed, has fallen to the position of a farmhouse, is a magnificent example even yet of a mediæval dwelling-place of the fourteenth century. Bramhall, of the time of Edward III., with its long record of continuous habitation by the Davenports, is a place to awaken memories, and the quadrangular hall of Adlington, with its additions of various dates, is a place

that well deserves study. To these, dotted about the county, may be added Wythenshawe Hall (*temp.* Edward III.) and Holford Hall, heretofore the residence of the Holfords and the Cholmondeleys and of the "bold Lady Cheshire," where many a gay assembly took place—a quaint old house, with a massive bridge of stone over the moat. There are very many others almost of equal interest, the names of which would be too numerous to record here; and as to the quaint old farmhouses, with a timber gable or two left to them, or perhaps some detached building of mediæval times used as a barn or a dairy, they must be left to the traveller to discover. The singular richness of Lancashire and Cheshire in mediæval manor-houses, or the remains of them, points to the prosperous condition of the counties at the period. Unfortunately, as time goes by, it tells disastrously upon such as are ill preserved, and these are tending fast towards decay; but it is well that there is some permanent record of a number of them in Mr. Henry Taylor's very intelligent work on the "Old Halls of Lancashire and Cheshire," and in several other books on the subject.

#### TOWN AND COUNTRY SHOWS.

THE ambition that impels all classes of actors, of whatever gifts or experience, to play Shakespeare has often been a subject of reproach with writers who love not the stage. The ambition, however, is perfectly natural, and may, indeed, be laudable and honourable. There are, perhaps, few exploits of the actor more deserving of lenient treatment than the attempt to play a great Shakespearian part for the exquisite reason that Kean, or Garrick, or Kemble played it. The desire to succeed in this direction may proceed from a spirit of emulation that merits respect; and failure, if the actor be anything of an artist, is a searching expiation of the rash experiment. The result can scarcely fail to be profitable to actors and audience alike. Mrs. Conover's revival of *Macbeth* at the Olympic is interesting in many ways, though it entirely fails to introduce new and satisfactory dramatic impersonations of the leading parts. Mrs. Conover, as Lady Macbeth, gives a merely perfunctory reading of the text, wholly devoid of a trace of interpretative light or colour that suggests any intelligible apprehension of the character. Such defects of pronunciation as disfigure Mrs. Conover's delivery of the soliloquies would be no more noticeable than the false notes that escape from a great pianiste if the dramatic rendering possessed any individual vitality. As it is, however, they are magnified to really irritating proportions by the actress's colourless and automatic performance. The *Macbeth* of Mr. Barnes shows the experience and training that are wanting in Mrs. Conover, but it lacks not less insight and subtlety, and satisfies only in the more bustling scenes of the final act. Mr. Beveridge, as Macduff, displays occasional flashes of inspiration in the course of a prosaic and superficial interpretation. His entry after the discovery of the murder, and his invocation of Banquo, express the horror and dismay of the situation with considerable skill. Mr. Dewhurst's Banquo is unrelieved by any fleeting evidence of the actor's dramatic grasp of the character. The cleverness by which the disadvantages of the small Olympic stage have been overcome is an interesting feature in the production. The scenic ensemble is remarkably harmonious. The blasted heath with its old mill and distant cronelech, and the banquet-hall at Forres, are as good as anything of the kind we can recall, and certainly superior to the similar presentations under Mr. Phelps's management. A word of praise is due to the rendering of Locke's incidental music, and to Mrs. De Solla's excellent delivery of the verses assigned to Hecate.

After a career more than ordinarily successful in London, *Jim the Penman* has found his way to the provinces. It does not often happen that provincial reproductions of the "latest London successes" present any features of so striking, or even individual, a nature as to warrant a notice in these columns. The provincial presentation of *Jim the Penman* is an exception to the rule. Of the play itself little need be said. Greater familiarity tends only to confirm the view we have held from the first with regard to it. In many senses Sir Charles Young may fairly claim to have produced the strongest and most powerful piece of the kind for which the Haymarket has been of late years famous since the production of *Diplomacy*. But, strong as in many respects *Jim the Penman* undoubtedly is, it is disfigured by blots and weaknesses apparently radical, though not, to our thinking, by any means incurable. Experience proves more and more clearly that the cardinal weakness of the play lies in the obscurity, and still more in the improbability, of the incident in the first act, on which the whole subsequent action hinges. If a wealthy financier is so foolish as to exhibit his less reputable gifts by counterfeiting the signature of his wife, even with her own consent, his folly must be made so manifest that he who runs may read. As a matter of fact, nine times out of ten the incident, or at any rate its significance for the purposes of the drama, is lost, or at least not realized until subsequent events have invested it with retrospective importance. Another serious blot on the play is, of course, the anti-climax which discounts the interest of the concluding scene. But, with all its defects of construction, neither few nor unimportant, *Jim the Penman* is a play for which gratitude is fitly due to Sir Charles Young.

But it is the players rather than the play who give to the provincial presentation of *Jim the Penman* its distinctive character-

istics. In London the piece was produced under conditions altogether exceptional. It is no disparagement to Lady Monckton to say that the play, as a whole, has gained immensely by the substitution of Mrs. Bernard Beere for Lady Monckton in the leading part. Mrs. Bernard Beere's rendering of Mrs. Ralston is the sort of success which it is a real pleasure for the critic to record and emphasize. Mrs. Beere's Mrs. Ralston is worthy, and more than worthy, to take a place alongside of her Fedora and her Peg Woffington. During the earlier scenes, played with natural and easy grace, she clearly holds herself in reserve. She is simply the tender mother, the affectionate but somewhat anxious wife. The embarrassment caused by the return of Louis Percival, her former lover, is just sufficiently indicated without being, as the danger is, in any sense exaggerated. The perplexity arising from the discovery of Percival's innocence in the matter of the breaking of her engagement and the growing anxiety on her husband's account deepen the shades which seem to be closing in around her. All these successive phases are suggested with a subtlety and charm almost indefinable. But the deepening anxiety and care are so gradual as to be well-nigh imperceptible. The blow falls, and the audience are positively startled by the vehemence and intensity of passion which this woman, seemingly so calm, so self-contained, can in a supreme moment display. The anti-climax of the play is the triumph of the player. It is impossible to conceive the scene between Mrs. Ralston and her miserable husband being better played, and it is to be hoped that London playgoers will obtain an early opportunity of seeing it. Another important feature of the provincial presentation is the return of Mr. C. H. Brookfield to his original part. Provincials were hardly prepared for the rapid strides which Mr. Brookfield has been making in his profession. His Triplet, as played to the Peg Woffington of Mrs. Bernard Beere, lives in the memory of most provincial playgoers; but, good as it was, his Captain Redwood is a distinct and noticeable advance. There have been not a few notable instances in which the verdict of the London press and of the London public, even in cases where it has happened to be moderately unanimous, has failed to obtain an endorsement from the not less critical audiences of Manchester and Liverpool. Manchester in particular is apt to be especially pertinacious in asserting its right of independent judgment in matters musical and theatrical. Few actors have reason to complain of the generosity of a Manchester audience when once its favour is fairly and honestly won. Mr. Brookfield's position, however, is now as firm and assured in Manchester, and in the provinces generally, as it is in London. No one can doubt that a brilliant career is well within his grasp. To that end his impersonation of Captain Redwood has contributed not a little. In other respects Mrs. Bernard Beere's cast is satisfactory. Mr. Herbert Standing's James Ralston is good, and the Baron Hartfeld of Mr. William Farren junior is as careful and painstaking as everything he does.

Another provincial company, under the direction of Mr. Balsir Chatterton, is giving the same play at another set of towns. The performance is remarkable for its judiciousness and evenness throughout, and for some exceptionally good acting. Miss Fanny Enson's Mrs. Ralston shows thought, insight, and a by no means too usual alliance of grace and intensity. Her acting in the scene when her suspicion is first aroused is particularly worthy of observation. Mr. Balfour plays decidedly well as Jim the Penman, and Mr. Chatterton follows Mr. Brookfield's method in Redwood without any slavish adherence and with excellent effect. Also, as we have said, what is especially necessary for such a company is especially found—a harmony throughout the whole performance.

#### SWIFT IN JAPAN.

IN 1774 there were published anonymously in Japan, under the title *Wasōbiyō*, four small volumes of fabulous voyages, portions of which bear a marvellous likeness to some of the adventures of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, of Redrifi and Newark, which were printed forty-seven years earlier.

The odd coincidences which group themselves round Swift's masterpiece are of a suit with its own extraordinary contents, as to which the Irish bishop said that the book was full of improbable lies, and that for his part he hardly believed a word of it. Shortly after its appearance, a Jonathan Gulliver, combining the Dean's name and his hero's, turned up as a member of the New England Parliament; and a Lemuel Gulliver in the flesh lost his cause in some English assize court "on his ill reputation of being a liar." For the voyage to Laputa, Swift is considered to have taken hints from *The Man in the Moon*, by Domingo Gonzalez, 1638, written by Dr. F. Godwin, Bishop of Llandaff; and the fifth chapter of that voyage was clearly suggested by the 22nd of Rabelais's fifth book. It has been pointed out, too, that there are in that remarkable little book *Furetiriana* (Lyons: m.d.c.xvi.) some spurious missionary's letters from Madagascar and Siam, which without any manner of doubt must have been familiar to and used by Swift. Swift's mind ran much upon Japan; not an unnatural consequence of his political duties with Sir W. Temple in William III.'s reign, when the Dutch were the only traders with Dai Nippon. Gulliver had lived long in Holland, pursuing his studies at Leyden, and spoke Dutch well. He was taken by Japanese and Dutch pirates in the Laputan journey, and subsequently gave himself out for a Hollander in Luggnagg, whose king sent ambassadors to Japan; and from

Luggnagg—the country of the Struldbrugs—Gulliver actually went to Japan, and thence got home in a Dutch ship.

There is, indeed, a perpetual commerce between this kingdom [Luggnagg]—writes Gulliver—and the great empire of Japan, and it is very probable that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the Struldbrugs; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice, will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

This is perhaps one of the strangest examples of the second-sight of human genius ever traced, and brings us straight back to Shikaiya Wasōbiyō, one of whose imaginary voyages is to the Land of Perennial Life, where there were neither deaths nor births. "One death might, indeed, occur once in every thousand or couple of thousand years, and would be compensated by one birth; but this was only a rare exception among the myriads of inhabitants." But some few volumes of the Buddhist Scriptures, brought to this Land in ancient times from India and China, described heaven in such glowing terms that these immortals were filled with quite a desperate admiration for death and a distaste for their own never-ending existence. Those who occasionally died were the envy of the nation, and numbers retired into the mountains and remote valleys to study the Art of Death, as though it were an art magical, and there they starved and poisoned themselves all to no purpose. If a visitor said of a child, "The little thing does not look as if it would live long," he gave the parents the greatest pleasure, and they would reply, "Ah, if only what you say may come true!" Wasōbiyō, who at first laughs this mania to scorn, at last finds that the prospect of never-ending life year after year and century after century begins to pall on him, and, after a stay of three hundred years or so, becomes slowly converted to the native notions on the subject of death.

Now let us listen to Swift:—

In this island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the Struldbrugs before their eyes. . . . These commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore, when they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. . . . From what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed, and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure from such a life.

In this spirit Wasōbiyō attempts his own life several times without the least success, and finally mounts one of the riding-storks of the country, and, at the rate of a thousand leagues a day, flies all over the world and the universe, and at length arrives at the Land of Giants. Gulliver, it will be recollected, is rapt from Brobdingnag in his box-house by a gigantic eagle—the rulk of the East—which travelled a hundred leagues in two hours. On alighting in Giant-land the Japanese Gulliver spies a broad road running through a large bamboo thicket, which soon turns out to be merely a footpath through a cornfield where every stalk was as tall as one of the largest Japanese bamboos. The English Gulliver says:—

That which at first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high. I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley; the corn rising at least forty feet.

#### In Giant-Land

Even the most ordinary little trees would be some 150, some 200 feet, in circumference, and the dandelions and horse-tails by the roadside were nearly the height of a native of Japan. . . . The gutters under the eaves of the houses were deeper than the river Yodo, while there were dust-heaps the height of Mount Higashi. . . . After a while, there came out of the houses a crowd of people, none of them, whether men or women, less than 50 or 60 feet high, while some of the tallest men reached the height of 70 feet, and even the young urchins of nine or ten were at least 20 or 30 feet. . . . The crowd gathered round and viewed Wasōbiyō with wonder and amazement. "What an extraordinarily tiny creature!" they cried, as they picked him up between finger and thumb, and made him stand upon their hands; "Where do you come from? Are you a human being, or an elf?" To which Wasōbiyō, stretching his legs wide apart, as he stood on the palm of one of them, and bawling at the top of his voice, made answer.

"At length," wrote Swift, "he ventured to take me behind by the middle between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. . . . I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain." The King took Gulliver at first sight to be a splacnuck, "an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long." The farmer who finds him takes out his handkerchief, doubles and spreads it on his left hand, "which he placed flat on the ground. I laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up, and in this manner carried me home." A sixty-five-foot-man, a servant, picks up Wasōbiyō, "and putting him in his left hand, and covering him up carefully with his right, as a child does who has caught a firefly, carried him off to his house." When Gulliver is exhibited he draws out his hanger and flourishes with it after the manner of fencers in England; and his nurse gives him part of a straw, which he exercises as a pike, having learnt the art in his youth. "If you despise me for my small stature," says the Japanese traveller to the giants, "I will show you what feats can be performed by a fighting man brought up in the school of Yoshitsune!"

This very strange and attractive Japanese work of imagination is perhaps the most interesting of the modern productions of Japan



from a literary point of view, and we are indebted for our first knowledge of it to Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, who, although he missed the Struldbrug coincidences, has given an admirable version of part of it in Vol. vii. of the Transactions of the very praiseworthy Asiatic Society of Japan. That it is well known may be concluded from the fact that the modern novelist Bakin, "the Inimitable" of Japan, has produced a somewhat similar book, in which he mimicked the title, calling his "Musōbiyōō." As may be divined from the extracts here given, the book is satire—and without Swift's savagery—from beginning to end; and the philosophical reflections, for which there is little space here, are novel and striking, nay, mark the genius of a true master; for they are human and world-wide, and anything but Buddhist, or Confucian, or purely Japanese. Whoever the author was—and surely he could be run down—he had a fine invention and a practised pen. Gulliver's political and philosophical discussions with the King of Brobdingnag are familiar to most of us. They were received with good-humoured disregard; and, finding this so, Gulliver one day took the freedom to tell his Majesty that the contempt he discovered towards Europe and the rest of the world did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body—on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it.

In an identical frame of mind, Wasōbiyōō fell athinking to himself.

It would seem as if this foolish country were superior to the rest in nothing but size, tenanted as it is by such empty-headed folk. It is nothing more than a great overgrown asparagus of a country! Diminutive as I am, why should I not, with my knowledge of the doctrine of the sages, aspire to the glory of becoming a guide to this nation?

So he undertakes a course of lectures; but, for all his explanations, they would only talk of him as people do of a pet-bird, smiling and saying to each other, "What a queer little creature it is! It performs better than a lap-dog, and is more amusing than a parrot, saying such a lot of sentences without being taught them. Mind you take care of it, and don't kill it by overfeeding." His master, the scholar, at last sits upon him quietly, prefacing his very freethinking remarks by saying, "It is not generally discreet or wise to tell little creatures like you the whole truth; yet, as you seem likely to understand me, I will tell you all about it. Listen to me attentively." Gulliver's king, taking him into his hands, and stroking him gently, also shut him up, delivering himself in these words, "My little friend Grildrig," and so forth.

Wasōbiyōō's travels also include the Lands of Endless Plenty, of Shams, of Antiquarians, and of Paradoxes. We could wish that Mr. Chamberlain would prevail upon himself to translate and publish the whole work, with notes, giving some account of its author and his labours, and tracking out—there must be native *literati* who could do so—any translation of *Gulliver's Travels* which may have been made into Japanese through the Dutch before its appearance. It is just faintly possible—though we by no means support the theory—that we are in presence of an imitation, but an imitation so independent as to justify once more the paradoxical definition of originality as a transcendent power of assimilation. In that case *Wasōbiyōō* is, in more senses than one, the very antipodes of the impossible stuff in the unreadable performance of the Abbé Desfontaines. Perhaps the author knew Dutch himself; at all events, he makes his hero, who was a native of Nagasaki, and carried on a brisk trade in foreign merchandise, familiar with both Dutch and Chinese. To meet this case, the complete translation for which we are asking should be accompanied by a bibliography of the Dutch editions of *Gulliver's Travels* before, say, 1772, which could no doubt be supplied by some learned Leyden doctor.

#### A GRAND OLD COCK AND BULL STORY.

HAVE you heard the thrilling story—  
Story of instruction full—  
How our country's pride and glory  
Tackled a Bavarian bull?

High above a rocky hollow  
He was driving, Miesbach by,  
When a bull, "with herd to follow,"  
Sudden made the horses shy.

No more grim obstructive figure  
Ever barred a statesman's way,  
E'en when Mr. Joseph Biggar  
Rises—near the break of day.

Vainly did the youthful drover  
Hammer the contrary brute—  
Taurus, "visited" all over,  
Stood as though he'd taken root.

Plunged the horses, mooded the cattle,  
Ladies shrieked alack! alas!  
Never was there such a battle  
For a small Bavarian pass.

Come, then, Muse of England's story,  
Are you ready? Now's the time  
This half-ancient deed of glory  
To rehearse in deathless rhyme.

Pull yourself, O Muse, together,  
For the hero's years advance,  
And 'tis somewhat doubtful whether  
You will get another chance.

Eagerly as to a marriage  
Trips the bridegroom booked therefor,  
Lightly, lightly from the carriage  
Sprang the Grand Old Matador.

Gingerly as steals a trapper  
Towards his prey among the trees,  
In his hand a rug or wrapper,  
Such as warms a driver's knees,

Thus equipped, and giving wide way  
To the bull, as best he might,  
W. G. approached him sideways  
From the margin of the height.

Then close watching, as was needful,  
Those twin spikes that towered on high,  
And particularly heedful  
Not to catch the spiker's eye,

Our illustrious statesman featly  
Flung the unfolded shawl, which sped  
Straight unto its mark, and neatly  
Draped the monster's threatening head.

Easy, then, the task to bind him  
And to lead him down the vale,  
While his "items" flocked behind him  
Placid at their leader's tail.

Thus that G. a victor's laurel  
In some sense should claim is meet;  
But he draws the strangest moral  
From his bull-bewildering feat.

"See, our John's Bavarian brother,  
How like John," says he, "he is;  
Who would master one or t'other  
Takes him by the horns like this."

What? like *this*? Approach him "sideways,"  
Bind a shawl his eyes upon?  
Yes! we own you've always tried ways  
Much resembling this with John.

You've bamboozled him and blinded,  
And, when fooled and put to scorn,  
Have let any one so minded  
Face the peril of his horn.

Often, often had you round him,  
Eyes and ears, your mantle cast,  
Till one happy day you found him  
Wide awake, and failed at last.

## REVIEWS.

### TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY.\*

MR. CARNEGIE, or Citizen Carnegie, or Carnegie, if that *libentius audit* (and, as this democrat speaks on the covers of his book of "Gladstone" and "Salisbury," perhaps he does prefer it), would be even more triumphant if he could see our copy of his book. Quite a forest of little marking slips sticks out of it (it is an ugly habit to mark books with pencil), and the forest only represents a selection of the Citizen's interesting things. It must be admitted that their interest is of a peculiar character, and might not appeal to all readers. As a whole, the book is of no interest at all. It is bound in red, which may indicate either Mr. Carnegie's democratic fervour or his exact scholarly study of the habits of a Roman triumpher. It is clearly, albeit Yankeeely, printed, and has good margins, albeit ploughed ones. But as a book it is nought. Mr. Carnegie has got together, or his secretaries have got together, from the abundant stores of the United States Black Books a vast amount of statistics, and Mr. Carnegie has made these statistics the premisses of a large number of triumphant syllogisms constructed on one single pattern, as thus:—

All countries which have twenty million pigs where they had only twenty thousand twenty years ago are countries with a perfect form of government:

The United States are countries which have twenty million pigs where they had twenty thousand twenty years ago:

Therefore the United States have a perfect form of government.

It was perhaps unnecessary for Mr. Carnegie to vary this very simple syllogism through five hundred pages, and it would be still more unnecessary to spend even five hundred words in criticizing it. The major is false and there's an end on't.

But we should be unjust men if we said or implied that there's

\* *Triumphant Democracy; or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic.* By Andrew Carnegie. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

an end of Mr. Carnegie. Incidentally and to show his devotion to triumphant democracy (if democracy were not triumphant you Mr. Carnegies would pretty quickly shake their wings and leave her to shift), at an early period of his book Mr. Carnegie shows agreeably the truth of that axiom of the philosophers that the human race must have a fetish. Crowns and sceptres are the Citizen's abomination; but, it appears, not flags. "To fire upon the flag" is, says Mr. Carnegie, the unpardonable sin, and, with a frankness for which we fear his compatriots will hardly thank him, he infers that "the viper slavery would have been left gnawing at the vitals of the Republic" if the people of Charleston had not committed this unpardonable sin. But as the flag represents nothing but the citizens, why shouldn't the citizens fire on the flag? We should have said that it was exactly the inalienable right of a Republican citizen to fire on the flag. If not, he is clearly a grovelling slave to that bit of bunting, and every inch of it is an insult to his manhood. But this is probably only an imagination of what the Citizen calls "the stupid mind of dear [sic] Matthew Arnold's aversion." As Mr. Carnegie sets up so high a standard, it is of course interesting to see how he lives up to it. We hardly think that dear Matthew Arnold would approve such phrases as "left the patriot no recourse" and "oblivious to the fact," though of course these may be printer's mistakes. But how is this for sweetness:—"Thrones and royal families and the influences necessarily surrounding the vile brood they breed"? And this:—

We can say of the average peer :

The wretch concentrated all in self,  
Living shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

And this:—

If you found a State upon the monarchical idea which necessarily carries with it an aristocracy, by so much more as you exalt this royal family and aristocracy you inevitably degrade all who are not of these classes. That is clear. If at the pinnacle you place people who are exempt from honest labor for recompense whether such State labor be such as that rendered by ministers, physicians, lawyers, teachers, or other professional men, or tradesmen or mechanics; if you create a court from which people in trade, or artisans, are excluded; if you support a monarch who declines to have one in trade presented to her even at a State reception, thus entailing upon honest labor the grossest insult, what can be the result of the system but a community in which the dignity of labor has not only no place but one in which, as in Britain, labor is actually looked down upon! This is the very essence of the monarchical idea.

The Queen of Great Britain grossly insults labor every moment of her life by declining to recognize it. And all her *entourage*, from the Duke who walks backwards before "the Lord's anointed" for four thousand a year, down or up to the groom of the stole—whatever that may be—necessarily cherish the same contempt for those who lead useful lives of labor.

Can it, by the way, be possible that any misguided sovereign has refused to receive Citizen Carnegie? But, without pressing that awkward question, let us note Mr. Carnegie's elaborate historical knowledge:—

The United States of America furnish the only example in the world's history of a community purely industrial in origin and development. Every other nation has passed through its military stage. In Europe and in Asia, in ancient times as well as in modern, social development has been mainly the result of war. Nearly every modern dynasty in Europe has been established by conquest, and every nation there has acquired and held its territory by force of arms. Men have been as wild beasts slaughtering each other at the command of the small privileged classes. The colonies of America, on the other hand, were established for commercial purposes, and generally the land they acquired was obtained by purchase or agreement, and not by conquest. Devoted to industry, the American people have never taken up the sword, except in self-defence or in defence of their institutions. Never has the plough, the hammer, or the loom, been deserted for the sword of conquest.

"Injuns is pison," no doubt, and Mexicans "wuss," and of course the voice of neither is entitled to be heard. Still, it would be a little interesting to hear the Injun and Greaser view of Mr. Carnegie's last two sentences. We should like to quote a noble burst of the Citizen's about art and republics; but unluckily it is too long. Another, on newspapers, which Mr. Carnegie considers to be "literature," has not this drawback, and is too good not to give:—

The republican sheets are characterized by greater vivacity than the monarchical—more spicy news, and, above all, a much more attractive mode of displaying it. A leading English editor once remarked to me: "We have no 'editors' who rank with the American, but many writers who excel yours." This was a just criticism. We see, however, in nothing more strongly than the newspaper press of the two countries, the operation of that law of assimilation which tends to make their products alike. The American press is rapidly acquiring greater dignity, and the British press more sparkle. They will soon be as like as two peas, and the change toward each other will improve both. There are many things other than the press, in which a mixture of the old and new would be equally advantageous.

Heaven forbid, of course; but is not Citizen Carnegie good? Good, again, is his inference that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is largely bought in America, that "the dear old home is becoming the satellite of the republican giant." The republican giant has to come to the dear old home for his *Encyclopædia*, and that makes the home his satellite. This logic may do for Pittsburg, but surely they must have taught better in Dunfermline town, which has, as the world has frequently been informed, the doubtful honour of being Mr. Carnegie's birthplace? This again is good:—

The court consists of nine judges, who hold office during life, subject, how-

ever, to impeachment by Congress for misbehavior or removal for inability to serve. Vacancies are filled by nominations made by the President to the Senate for confirmation, no appointment being complete until confirmed by the Senate. The salary of the judges is \$10,000 (£2,000) per annum, and the Chief Justice receives \$500 (£100) more. They can retire at seventy years of age upon full pay during life. What piteousness, I hear my monarchical friends exclaim. Perhaps so, but does any court in the world command greater respect than this Supreme Court? Are able, purer lawyers, men clearer in their great office, to be found elsewhere? Certainly not. Even my Lord Salisbury regrets that there is not such a tribunal in Britain. When I see the quiet dignity of the Supreme Court Judges in Washington, their plain living, free from vulgar ostentation, their modest but refined homes, and think how far beyond pecuniary considerations their aspirations are, how foreign to their elevated natures are the coarser phases of position in modern society, I cannot but conclude that it would be most unfortunate if the emoluments of their positions should ever be made so great as in themselves to constitute a temptation, as they are in Britain.

Mr. Carnegie has just before, and no doubt correctly, told his readers that these lights of Themis receive two thousand a year. Now the usual British judge receives five thousand. At what exact point between these sums does the "emolument of a position" cease to be compatible with plain living and become a "sordid pecuniary prize"? As there is no immediate likelihood of this problem being solved, let us give another specimen of sweetness:—

Could he do so, surely he would realize the truth that in the royal family, as in a nest, lie the origin of all the political evils which afflict his native land and which he deplores; all that this able, earnest, patriotic man is laboring to remove is only the legitimate spawn of this one royal family institution, and is never to be met with except where a royal family exists to breed them. Resolve that the head of the State shall be elected at intervals and thus found government upon the true idea—the political equality of the citizen—and all the political wrongs of the few against the many fall as if by magic. Were I in public life in Britain I should be ashamed to waste my energies against the House of Lords, Church and State, primogeniture and entail, and all the other branches of the monstrous system; I should strike boldly at the royal family, the root of the upas tree from which spring all these wrongs.

And finish with yet another:—

The figures given prove that the amount paid by the Republic for the four hundred officers and legislators who form her governing body does not amount to half as much as the Monarchy squanders upon one family which has neither public duties nor official responsibility, and which sets an example of wasteful and showy living to the injury of the nation. One scarcely knows at which to wonder most, the fatuous folly of the people in permitting this great sum to go to one family, which is really one of the scandals of our age, or that any well educated family possessed of even ordinary sensibility can be found to take from a people, many of whom are sorely pressed for the necessities of life, this enormous amount of their earnings and waste it upon their own mean and coarse extravagance. No fact more clearly proves the corrupting tendency of privilege or caste upon those unfortunately born under it. They must grow callous and unmindful of all but themselves.

Let us hope, at any rate, that the publication of these passages, which need no comment whatever here, will make some of the Englishmen who were not ashamed to be the Citizen's parasites some time ago a little ashamed of themselves now. Yet, if shame had been capable of sitting on their brows, they would probably have been ashamed to sit on Mr. Carnegie's coachboxes.

And now for a few farewell words to "dear Matthew Arnold's" friend. In some passages that we have quoted, and in many that we have not, Mr. Carnegie is never weary of dilating on the "insult to manhood" of a royal family and privileged orders. Good Citizen Carnegie, hear the words of the sage. If any one, as you do apparently, feels that he is insulted by the existence of ranks superior to himself, why, then, that person is degraded, and is a snob—a snob irreparable, hopeless, the simple and pure expression of snobbishness. But an English gentleman no more thinks himself degraded by or inferior to an English nobleman, an English nobleman no more thinks himself degraded by or inferior to an English king or queen, than a man of five feet nine thinks himself degraded by or inferior to a man of six feet three. Each rank, Citizen (which thing you and other snobs do not know), is as jealous of its own privileges as it is punctilious in the observance of those of others. Is it, Citizen, an intolerable outrage (we are mistaken if you have not in this book indignantly denied that it is) that you are rich and your workmen at Pittsburg or where not poor? The anarchists say it is, and they at least are logical. If any kind of pre-eminence other than the five-feet-nine and six-feet-three business (and indeed there was a great reformer, one Procrustes, who once took in hand to redress that grievance) is retained, then the dignity of manhood is outraged in exactly the same way as by the existence of "Salisbury" and of "Salisbury's" lady the Queen. Divide your money, Citizen, instead of taking dear Matthew Arnold on trips with it, and we shall consider you a soft-headed but respectable person. Keep it and talk about your manhood being outraged by the existence of a royal family, and we shall take the liberty, having already proved it, of calling you and considering you a most undoubted and a most illogical snob. Your sense of degradation makes the degradation, and if you were not degraded you would not feel so. And so, Citizen, with no respect at all, but with gratitude for some amusement received, we are (it is like the other things, convention, and does not degrade us), your very obedient, humble servants.



## FOUR NOVELS.\*

SIX hundred pages of small print, in a rather gaudy cover, are enough to frighten away readers from *East Angels*, and to make even reviewers vow that they will never protest against three volumes again. What is the use of our complaining at padded second volumes, and prolonged thirds, if we are to have in exchange one volume of small print containing as much as four volumes of large type? Let not the reader, however, be scared away from *East Angels* by outward appearances, for, although far from faultless, it is not altogether a bad novel. Much of it is exceedingly tedious; there are pages upon pages of needless chatter; there is an excess of petty detail; the tone is essentially feminine, and it is crowded with unnecessary incident; yet the author has evidently some dramatic talent, not a little knowledge of human nature, and considerable powers of description. She gives us some vivid and charming pictures of Florida, and she obtains plenty of scenic effect without over-roasting her sun or over-boiling her ocean, like some novelists who pride themselves upon their descriptive powers. *East Angels* is an American novel. The heroine is the wife of an easy-going person, who "treats her kindly in a way," but there is no love lost between the pair. As for him, he thinks nothing of leaving her for eight years, while he lives with another woman, and then coming back as if nothing had happened; or of deserting her again for a lengthened period, and returning when least wanted. Meanwhile a friend, who began by disliking the heroine, falls deeply in love with her, and urges her to obtain a divorce from her faithless husband, and marry himself. The fidelity of the wife, who refuses to avail herself of this golden opportunity, forms the heroic ending of the story. There is a sort of valueless good-nature and spurious benevolence about the absconding husband which is decidedly amusing, and the pages that are devoted to him are about the cleverest in the book. There is much in *East Angels* that is not worth reading at all; but there are passages which are not only worth reading, but worth reading twice.

The Lily of Purity is hardly the emblem which we should select to represent the novel called *A Lily Maid*. The maid is pure enough, but so much cannot be said of the book. The hero is a country squire of considerable social standing, and the heroine is a poor country lassie. It turns out that she is the hero's cousin, but with that we have no concern. The hero has a designing mamma, who, on finding that her son has engaged himself to the heroine, requests his dearest friend to seduce her. The instructions which she gives to this friend in need, and his laudable attempts to carry them out, are described at great length, and we are unfashionable enough to consider them more nauseating than entertaining. We do not mean to imply that the language is coarse, or that the immoral designs are successful; but mud is none the less mud if it is served in a gold dish and nobody will eat it. Another fault we have to find with the book is that it is very dull. In addition to this, it is very morbid; and the relentless hate against his wicked mother, in which the hero fairly revels, is neither wholesome nor agreeable reading. The author's estimate of human nature does not appear to be a very exalted one; but he has every right to his own opinions. We equally have a right to ours, and we consider that when an artist offers a representation of life to the public, it ought to be interesting, or beautiful, or pathetic, or humorous, or tragic, and we cannot conscientiously say that *A Lily Maid* is either. Yet much of the writing in it is very tolerable, some of the descriptions have considerable force, and the characters are not impossible.

The old French caricatures of John Bull were little more exaggerated than Mr. Charles Edwardes's portraiture of Americans in *Virginia*. Most of the characters, however, are English, and the scenes are laid in this country. The book is rather a broad farce than a romance. Indeed, it becomes a screaming farce in the portion which describes Lord Lumsey's attempts to suit himself with a religion, and the fun waxes fast and furious when he takes to praying and accustoms "himself to go on his knees at least once a day." There are plenty of outrageous Americans and plenty of outrageous Englishmen in the world, but among American journalists and English peers, clergymen, and bourgeois, one expects to find decent language and tolerably good behaviour. There is a description in *Virginia* of the whipping of a boy at a lady's school which is not pretty; and when a young American is somewhat weary of an English provincial town, he expresses himself as "darned sick of it." The language used by the English is almost as peculiar as that of the American characters. "Oh, I say!" is an expression common to both. "Indeed, now," "Whatever did you say?" "However did you get hold of it?" and "Well, I never," are fair specimens of the phrases in common use among the young English ladies of this graceful story. An American gentleman falls upon his knees in order to make a proposal of marriage to a lady, who warns him "for goodness sake" to consider his trousers. "Darn my trousers" is his delicate rejoinder. A suggestion is made to his sister that she would make an excellent schoolmistress, to which

she replies that keeping school would be to her "like sitting on a razor's edge." The same young lady, when staying at a highly respectable house, astonishes an old family servant in that establishment by saying "You seem pretty thick with bugs here," and by adding "You're pretty well black with bugs in this place." In describing an elderly relative she says, "And to see her wag her head when a sneeze seized her! O, ginger!" The live lord in this refined volume is as true to nature as might be expected. He gives a picnic in his grounds, and at the end of it he thus addresses his guests:—"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will honour me by eating something at the Hall." Then there is a beautiful curate, with eyes of "a swimming grey colour," who jilts his lady-love, assuring her that he shall still love her "as a member of the Church of Christ," and that the jilting is "part of the discipline of" her "earthly life" which shall prepare her "for a sinless, dispassionate eternity." An hour or two afterwards he drinks too much champagne and proposes to the heroine. Several pages are devoted to a most exciting episode, the Sunday afternoon walk of a vulgar young man and two vulgar young women. Their getting over stiles, their "laughing wildly," and their running away and hiding when recognized in their tomfoolery, are described at great length and with an evident affection for the subject. We may end our notice of this valuable addition to contemporary literature by observing that Virginia receives proposals of marriage from a peer and two curates on the same day.

There is much honest work in *Allegiance*. The author endeavours to interest her readers without having recourse to violent incidents or constant change of scene. Her characters are few in number, nor are her volumes ballasted with irrelevant matter. It would be too much to expect a book of this sort to excite all readers, nor should we be surprised if some people threw it down after reading a few chapters with the declaration that they could not get on with it. Nevertheless, it is a novel above the average; and, if it is devoid of certain desirable virtues, it is also devoid of certain common faults. The leading idea of the book is compassion for men who have committed a single crime in youth, for which their relations and society have turned them adrift; and we are presented to a hero who forged his father's name when at college. After this one fall he does not appear to have been either worse or better than the ordinary young man of the period; but he is cut by all respectable people, and his life is blighted. His father's will, leaving everything away from him, is destroyed by a servant; so he comes into the estate, and takes up his quarters at his old home. Nobody calls upon him or notices him, and his life is miserable. The temptation to make such a man become either a desperate sinner or a desperate saint would be too much for most writers; but Miss Taylor resists it, and, holding him well in hand, she does not allow him to be anything but an honourable and rather foolish gentleman. Young critics may carp at this character, and maintain that under the circumstances such a man would have acted differently. Without doubt he might, and probably would; but then he might not, and the author has a perfect right to pull the strings of her own puppet. In doing this she shows some originality and a decided ability in consistent representation. The "allegiance" to which the book owes its name consists in the fidelity of a girl who falls in love at first sight with the unfortunate hero. On her first introduction to him she makes up her mind that he is perfectly innocent of the offence attributed to him, and when she has heard his guilt from his own lips, she tells him she would rather bear his "name stained than any other spotless."

Some of the moralizings in *Allegiance* are fanciful, vague, and confusing. Readers must be prepared to find the heroine a very "intense" young woman. Here is a specimen of her style of conversation. Some one happens to say that a certain person's life has been wasted. "'Waste is the law of life,' said Eve dreamily, her sad eyes gazing away to the horizon. 'When it ceases, it is because life has ceased too.'" But what can one expect of a girl who takes a man, drenched to the skin, to dry himself by standing in his wet clothes before a fire in a housekeeper's room, while she sits and talks to him? What with one thing and another, it would be a very solemn and very awful thing to be fallen in love with by a girl of the type of Miss Eve, and her "allegiance" would be more easily gained than got rid of. But after many of the novels that a reviewer has to face, it is pleasant to read a pure and unadulterated love story, which *Allegiance* may fairly be called; and, if the terrible seriousness of Eve's love-making makes the heart of the bachelor reader to quail, he may at least have the satisfaction of reflecting that, like the wet man before the housekeeper's room fire, it is but fiction.

## SIR R. TEMPLE'S ESSAYS.\*

THE author of these collected Essays during a long career in India was distinguished by two valuable qualities. He could cover a large tract of country in a morning or a day's ride. In these excursions, known to Mahomedans and Maratha chiefs as *mulk-giri* (annexation) and to Anglo-Indians as cold-weather tours of inspection, he used to visit police-stations, criminal and civil

\* *East Angels*. A Novel. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

*A Lily Maid*. By William George Waters. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1886.

*Virginia the American*. By Charles Edwardes. London: John & Robert Maxwell.

*Allegiance*. A Novel. By Ida Ashworth Taylor. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1886.

\* *Cosmopolitan Essays*. By Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., Author of "India in 1880," "Men and Events of My Time in India," "Oriental Experience." With Maps. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

courts, bridges, ferries, and schools, and leave panting secretaries and aides-de-camp miles and hours in the rear. In the next place he had mastered the very useful art of picking the brains of others, and in the course of an hour's interview making them disgorge the results of some years' experience in a department or a district. That this knowledge so acquired might be necessarily imperfect and superficial was a criticism often made, and only in part confuted. But the results of this terrifying ubiquity were that the local authorities woke up. The proceedings of the day and the week were condensed into a brilliant Minute or despatch from the Chief Commissioner, the Lieutenant-Governor, or the Governor. Whole departments were remodelled. Grants of money were extracted from the reluctant financial department for the new court-houses, for a rate of salary sufficient to leave the native judge and the policeman no valid excuse for dishonesty, for the Grand Trunk road opening up jungles and remote districts, for the vernacular schools, and for the Agricultural Exhibition. In this way, notably, the inhabitants of the Central Provinces awoke one morning to find out that their claims were recognized, and that they formed an integral part of the big Indian Empire. The same activity has distinguished the career of Sir R. Temple since his return home. An ordinary Anglo-Indian would think it sufficient to be either a member of the School Board for London or a Member of Parliament. Sir Richard manages to find time for both duties. And no sooner does the recess begin than the M.P. for South Worcestershire is off to the United States, to Palestine, or to the Isles of Greece. One autumn he is sketching in the Yosemite Valley. In the spring he attends a Greek election, and finds that electors are pretty much the same everywhere. Now he is expounding to the enlightened citizens of Winnipeg the advantages of their own magnificent country. And then, again, he urges on the residents of villas in a London suburb the paramount duty of contributing funds for the translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular dialects of India.

All this, of course, shows remarkable ease, quickness, and versatility, and much power of acquiring, sifting, and assimilating facts; and this knowledge is set off by a lively style. But, whether from the habit of looking at both sides of a new question, or from a dislike to commit himself to a decided opinion, or from some constitutional infirmity, there is a want of definite and conclusive advice. Just when the reader thinks he may get the summing up of a judge, he finds little but the pros and cons of two contending advocates. "Doubtless" is followed by "nevertheless" and "on the other hand"; and it would tax the skill of an actuary to find out how many times when on the brink of something positive the author takes refuge in "Still, with all that has happened," "Still, this impairs the working," and "Still, they console themselves with much reason," &c. A writer of Sir Richard's undoubted experience and ability should either not discuss some of the topics selected, or he should have remembered Pope's celebrated lines—

His wit all see-saw between that and this,  
Now high, now low, now Master up, now Miss.

Still, for we may slide into the author's favourite and saving phrase, the reader may find a good deal on certain public, if not familiar subjects very fairly put together. And six out of the sixteen Essays, or Speeches, or addresses to learned societies, contain something positively new. We may pass over the papers on Social Science, on the fall of Khartoum, on the politics of Upper Burma, and on the Russo-Afghan frontier. No one would go to the speech delivered before a Theological College to identify places in the Holy Land which have been more effectively treated by the pen of the late Dean Stanley. And if the speech delivered by the author in the debate on the Address this year was worth republishing, it can only be because the said speech was not fully reported in the leading journals at the time of its delivery. But, as regards the armies of the Indian princes, we are glad to hear what a public servant has to say who has been Resident at Hyderabad, Foreign Secretary and Financial Member of Council, besides governing two large Presidencies. The chiefs and princes of India, dependent and tributary, maintain armies aggregating very nearly three hundred and fifty thousand of all branches. The native armies of the three British Presidencies, on the other hand, number only 130,000. Of course at first sight this seems very startling and warlike when we recollect that the population of British India—that is, of the India which we administer directly—is 200 millions, and that the dependent native chiefs rule over a population of only 50 millions. What can account for the great discrepancy between these totals and the armies which they support? Sir Richard explains this, not unsatisfactorily, as follows. In the first place, besides the native army, we keep up a police force, more or less drilled and disciplined, of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand men. In the next, the forces of the chiefs are divided amongst principalities—large, middle-sized, and small. Many are isolated from each other. With some there is no common bond of union. The petty Thākurs and Nawabs are afraid of being swallowed up by larger and more aggressive potentates. Many of the forces are half-disciplined, badly equipped, wanting in arms of precision, and irregularly paid. In all probability the only forces capable of efficient service in the field are those maintained by the Nizam, by the Maharaja of Gwalior, by the protected Sikh chiefs of Pattiala, Jheend, and others, and by the Government of Nepal. When one Maratha ruler recently, at the news of Russian intrigues, volunteered to place his army at the disposal of the Viceroy, it was said with truth that he had, in reality, no army to put in the field. Sir

Richard is probably judicious in his opinion that it is not worth while to shock the feelings and arouse the susceptibilities of Rao, Raja, and Rana by peremptorily requiring them to reduce their armaments, to dismantle their ramparts, and to turn their rusty guns into ploughshares. It will be more politic and more safe to employ some 30,000 or 40,000 as a Contingent in the event of a big frontier war. Several of them, we have no doubt, would be quite willing to fight on the shores of the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, or the Oxus. Sir Richard's conclusion is characteristic of the failing to which we have drawn attention:—

Whether, under all the circumstances, they could advantageously be employed may be a question. But if they were thus employed, and if they made up their minds to serve us, then all the world knows how admirably they would acquit themselves.

What is required is not what "all the world knows," but what the world does not know, and what a disciple of Lord Lawrence thinks and knows on a public question which he has had an opportunity of studying, and on which he is bound to have a definite opinion. All the world has not been to Hyderabad or served in the Foreign Office at Calcutta and Simla.

The first remarks on a tour in Greece are lively and pointed; but they might lead a classical scholar to think that there was nothing worth seeing left in the Peloponnese. The finest specimens of Grecian sculpture and art adorn foreign capitals. Some of the most striking sites and fanes have been shattered by earthquakes, blown up by gunpowder, or covered with alluvial deposit. The scenery may easily be surpassed elsewhere. Though brigands have been put down, and travellers have not to fear the loss of ears and noses or lives, unless ransomed at exorbitant prices, travelling in Greece is not pleasant at every season. In summer it is all heat and dust. In winter it is all rain and storms. An Easter vacation, however, can be spent there with profit by those, be it remembered, who can "do" temples and passes at the author's rate of sightseeing, and can "ride leisurely in a single day, or gallop between daybreak and noontide, over the whole of Attica." Steamers carry the classical tourist round the coast, and, by giving one day to each side of the peninsula, he may survey the Gulf of Corinth and the scenes of Actium and Lepanto, or Marathon and Euboea, from the deck of the vessel. There are two or three short lines of railway, and a good high road will convey you over the Cithæron Pass to the battlefields of Platea, Leuctra, and Chæronea. Off the beaten track the traveller must be content with mules and ponies far inferior to the Arab horse of Syria or the African barb—not barbe, as at p. 328. But what are the marble steeps of Sunium or one of the great battles of the world in which not two hundred of the conquerors fell, to a Greek canvass at the general election of members of the modern Boulé? The vicissitudes of a Greek Premier have at this moment something very significant for both classes and masses. The majority of M. Tricoupis, we are told, had at the outset been very large. But for some time it had been dwindling away, and the Premier held his power with a weakened grasp. After a time he obtained a Royal decree for dissolving the Assembly, hoping that in a new Parliament he would have a large majority and a fresh lease of power by the popular voice. He was, Sir Richard goes on to say, a skilful legislator, but it may be questioned whether he was a real financier or a sound economist. He had the keenest anxiety for the maintenance of Greek credit in the market, and he was quite prepared to defer domestic reforms until the foreign policy should be settled. The reverse of this picture is, that he had committed, or had allowed to be committed, certain faults which came home to the electorate with impressive force. He had imposed new and augmented old taxes. The seasons had fought against him. At last came the day of retribution. Sir Richard, who naturally leant towards Tricoupis, as he did not know the "other side," was at Thebes when muleteer and donkey-driver, coachman and dragoman, voted for the Ministerial candidates. But their united exertions and Sir Richard's good wishes failed to win the day. Tricoupis found that he had a decisive majority against him, and instead of returning with a new lease, he had to resign, and as the author mournfully puts it, "for the thousandth time to exemplify the instability of human greatness." Was this written after the event, in Greece, or prophetically of some other man?

The paper on China is remarkable for an ingenious attempt to estimate its population by a comparison with the solid data afforded by the Survey and Census of India. As to the latter country, we have ascertained its area in square miles, the total of its population, and the average of souls to the square mile. Then by applying these data to the Chinese Empire we find that while the area of India is 1,377,450 square miles, that of China is nearly 44 millions. The population of India is nearly two hundred and fifty millions in British and native territory, and if some districts in Bengal especially are densely populated, the average all over the peninsula, owing to jungles, mountains, and unculturable tracts, is reduced to 184 souls in the mile. Then, applying this Indian result to China, Sir Richard makes out that the latter Empire, instead of containing the popular or official estimate of 350 millions, contains in reality only 280 millions. In working out the comparison special reference is had to the eighteen districts of China; to their respective characters as hilly, mountainous, deltaic, and alluvial; to their resemblances to certain well-known Indian provinces, such as the Gangetic basin, Mysore, and the Himalayas; to the last official census in China of which there is any accurate record; and to the probable rate of increase since that date. It must be admitted that the members of the Statistical Society before whom



this paper was read, entertained rather contradictory opinions on this complicated subject; and one speaker told a characteristic story of a Chinese prefect, who being sent to rectify the discrepancies of his predecessors in the taking of the census, found that the population of a town had left it in alarm, whereupon he hung himself at the gates, leaving a paper with the following return:—"Men, none; women, none; children under 14, none; total, none." The truth seems that we know too little of the interior of China to be sure of any statistics. But the author's attempt if not convincing is plausible, and if we grant the premises, the conclusions are not extravagant.

The paper on the Congo Basin is a reprint from the *Quarterly Review* for 1885, and is one of the best. It is suggested that difficulties may arise owing to a claim advanced by Portugal to the exclusive possession of the Congo mouth, which apparently slight term may turn out to mean an extent of country three hundred miles in length by one hundred in breadth, and an area of thirty thousand square miles. Sir Richard hints that a British administrator might be placed in charge of the Congo basin, and that he would at once begin to construct a railway round the first series of the cataracts or rapids. We know of no one better qualified to fill this novel and arduous post than Sir Richard Temple himself. A valedictory address to his Worcestershire constituents, announcing that, like one of Dickens's characters, he had "done with cottons and was going in for camels," would astonish no one acquainted with the author's versatility, his ability to lay down a railway at the rate of one mile a day, his labours in the Behar famine, and the other praiseworthy incidents of his Indian career.

#### THIRTEEN BOOKS OF DIVINITY.\*

DR. CAZENOVE, formerly Provost of Cumbrae, and now Chancellor of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, is too well known as a writer on theological and philosophical subjects to need any introduction to our readers. His present volume contains the first course of lectures delivered on "the Honynan-Gillespie Foundation," recently instituted and endowed by Mrs. Gillespie, widow of a Scottish gentleman who fifty years ago published a remarkable work on the *a priori* proofs of the Being and Attributes of God. The object of this foundation is to ensure the periodical delivery of a course on the argument for Theism, the truth of Christianity, and the Divinity of our Lord, "or other cognate subjects, on which there is, in the main, an agreement among the vast majority of those who profess and call themselves Christians." In these four lectures Dr. Cazenove—who had some years ago published a treatise on the same subject—discusses the *a priori* evidences of Theism, specially with regard to the line of argument adopted at successive epochs of Church history, by St. Anselm, Descartes, Dr. Clarke, and some later Apologists. He very properly begins by giving a brief but precise definition of what is meant by "a real Theism," and in the appendix—which occupies nearly half the volume, and includes a large amount of most interesting matter—he cites *inter alia* the wonderful passage in Newman's *University Lectures* which may be called a kind of Athanasian Creed on the Nature and Attributes of God. It is true of course that the apostles of Atheism or Agnosticism—which last, as Mr. F. Harrison justly observes, can never be more than a temporary halting place—have one very serious *a posteriori* disadvantage to start with; "They have yet to show that any great nation [it might be even said any considerable multitude of men] has found it possible for any lengthened period to live upon Atheism." On the other hand it is daily becoming clearer that the grand religious controversy of our own age "turns less upon the

question of revelation [still less of internal differences among Christians] than upon the previous inquiry, whether there is or is not in any true sense a Creator at all." Such leading sceptical writers as *e.g.* the late J. S. Mill have frankly admitted that, if theism be postulated, it is impossible to establish any consistent objection to the evidences of Christianity.

We cannot stay to follow the author in detail through his lucid criticism—in the main a favourable one—of the Anselmic argument for theism, which was to a great extent revived, whether consciously or unconsciously, many centuries later by Descartes. Dr. Samuel Clarke, early in the eighteenth century, struck out a distinct line of his own. The great practical importance of the theistic argument, as was indicated just now, arises from the fact that on it, rather than on any special difficulties urged against Revelation, hinges the religious contest of the future, but Dr. Cazenove is no less certainly right in insisting that "it seems impossible to deny the assertion so often made, that natural religion, however firmly grasped by some earnest individuals in varied ages and countries, has not succeeded in maintaining its ground with the many. It appears to need some other aid over and above the appeal to right reason, and such aid Christians believe to have come, directly or indirectly, from revelation." Both Lectures and Appendix are well worth the careful study of those who are interested in the present aspect of the fundamental question which lies at the root of all principles of religious or moral truth. We may add that Dr. Cazenove's clear and luminous style, and varied range of classical and literary, as well as theological and philosophical arguments, gives to his treatment of what might be thought a dry and abstract theme a charm and interest the reader will not fail to appreciate.

Dr. Shedd of New York is clearly right in insisting, in the preface to his *Doctrine of Endless Punishment*, that the duty of the Christian preacher is "to follow the revealed word of God, and teach the plain and exact truth," irrespectively of supposed consequences. And he is equally right in rejecting the strange notion of the late Sir James Stephen that the doctrine in question, whether true or not, is "an isolated one," standing apart from the general tenor of Scripture teaching. On the contrary to deny it is to "revolutionize the Christian system," as may be seen *e.g.* by applying the process of expurgation to such classical works as "the *Confessions* of Augustine, the *Sermons* of Chrysostom, the *Imitation* of a Kempis, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, or Baxter's *Saint's Everlasting Rest*." Nor can there be any doubt as to the belief on the subject in the ancient Church; "this was the Catholic faith, as much as the belief in the Trinity." So far then we are concerned with facts not open to dispute. But we think the author is also right—though of course some modern divines like Archdeacon Farrar will contest the point—in maintaining that "Universalism has a slender exegetical basis," and is necessarily defended much more by appeals to human sympathy or pleas of reason than by scriptural arguments; "the chief objections to the doctrine are not Biblical but speculative." His own treatise is mainly devoted to the Biblical argument, in both Old and New Testament, especially as regards the proper sense of "Sheol," "Hades," and *aiōnos*—and he makes out a very strong case. It would be stronger if his adhesion to an extreme Protestant view—we do not know to what Communion he belongs—did not lead him to follow the Reformers of the sixteenth century in rejecting, without even discussing, all idea not only of Purgatory but of any middle state at all, which greatly increases the moral and intellectual difficulty of the received doctrine; and that rejection has in fact—as Dr. Farrar admits—been a chief cause of the recent revolt against it. Of this patent fact Dr. Shedd seems to be quite unaware. Nor is he very happy in his comments on the state of the heathen world, which is too closely modelled on Calvin's. The strongest part of the book perhaps is his exposure of the arbitrary modern "theory of Annihilation," which has as little to say for itself on scriptural as on rational grounds, and is evidently a mere desperate makeshift devised to meet a difficulty. There is much solid matter in the treatise bearing on the main issue, but it is heavily handicapped by the writer's peculiar crotchets.

Archdeacon Gifford has reprinted from the *Speaker's Commentary* in a separate volume his Introduction and Notes to *St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, without any additional matter, even in the shape of a preface. The Romans is one of the four undisputed Epistles the genuineness of which even the Tübingen School have not ventured to challenge. On the other hand its interpretation is the historical battle-ground of rival theologians, involving as it does the whole controversy on Justification. Dr. Gifford does not seem to us to throw any fresh light on the discussion. And if his Commentary was worth reprinting at all, it was worth reprinting in a less inconvenient form. Not only the Notes, but the text and Introduction, are in double columns, and the latter in very small and close type, unpleasant to the eye.

The Master of St. John's, Cambridge, professes to strike out a new line in his edition of the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*—which was almost becoming a drug in the literary market—by appealing to illustrations from the Talmud; the date of the treatise he places in the first century. His Talmudic references however are scanty and superficial; and the two lectures, which are rambling and verbose, add little to our previous knowledge of the history or interpretation of the *Teaching*. He appears to think that it authorizes lay baptism as the ordinary practice, or rather that it authorizes adult proselytes to baptize themselves by immersion.

\* *Historic Aspects of the à priori Argument concerning the Being and Attributes of God.* By J. J. Cazenove, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

*The Doctrine of Endless Punishment.* By W. G. T. Shedd, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co. 1885.

*The Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans; with Notes and Introduction.* By E. H. Gifford, D.D., Archdeacon of London. London: John Murray. 1886.

*The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles; with Illustrations from the Talmud.* By C. Taylor, D.D., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: George Bell & Sons. 1886.

*St. Paul's Teaching on Sanctification: a Practical Exposition of Romans vi.* By James Morison, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

*The World and the Logos.* By H. M. Thompson, S.T.D., LL.D., Assistant-Bishop of Mississippi. New York and London: Putnam & Sons. 1886.

*The Great Commission: Twelve Addresses on the Ordinal.* By J. R. Woodford, D.D., sometime Bishop of Ely. Edited by H. M. Luckock, D.D. London: Rivingtons. 1886.

*History of Interpretation.* Bampton Lectures for 1885. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Westminster. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

*The Mystic Voices of Heaven; or, the Supernatural Revealed in the Natural Science of the Heavens.* By an Oxford Graduate. London: Elliot Stock. 1886.

*The Apostolic and Post-Apostolic Times: their Diversity and Unity in Life and Doctrine.* By G. V. Lechler, D.D. Translated by A. J. K. Davidson. 2 vols. Edinburgh: J. & T. Clark. 1886.

*The Catholic Controversy.* By St. Francis de Sales. Translated by Rev. H. B. Mackey, O.S.B. London: Burns & Oates. 1886.

*Joseph the Prime-Minister.* By the Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

*Progressive Orthodoxy.* By the Editors of the "Andover Review." London and New York: Ward, Lock, & Co.

Dr. Morison's exposition of *St. Paul's Teaching on Sanctification* consists of a "practical" commentary on the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, by which he means that it is addressed "directly to the unprofessional intelligence in the accredited dialect of culture." We presume "unprofessional" means untheological; it clearly cannot mean uneducated, inasmuch as the longest and least obvious words are habitually introduced to express the simplest ideas. Thus e.g. *μὴ γένοιο* is translated, "Let aversion to such an idea be accentuated to the utmost degree," which will hardly make the sense plainer to the unlettered reader. The rendering of the Revised Version is often far from felicitous, but we cannot pretend to say that it would have been improved by the aid of Dr. James Morison, whether as master of "the accredited dialect of culture" or as "exposing-to-view the thoughts which had been infolded in the origination of the sacred text." Dr. Farrar's *Life of Christ* has been unkindly characterized as "the Gospels done into *Daily Telegraph*." Dr. Morison's manipulation of St. Paul suggests the notion of "the Epistles done into high-polite."

The Assistant Bishop of Mississippi has devoted his Bedell Lectures, on *The World and the Logos*, to a vigorous exposure in vigorous and eloquent language of the scientific theories of evolution and survival of the fittest, as taught by writers like Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer. He explains however that he means by evolution "a denial of any beginning, a denial of any rational continuance or intelligent purpose, a denial of any making, and a denial of any intended end"; in short, as he elsewhere expresses it, the assertion that there is no God, no Reason, and no Will revealed in creation. And of course in this sense the theory cannot be accepted by any Christian, or rather by any theist. To the notion that "God made the world a living world, a *seminarium* in which all things were potentially and to appear actually in their time," he has no objection. And we should have thought that most of Mr. Darwin's alleged facts were quite reconcilable with that belief. But the Bishop tells us that "Mr. Darwin again and again admits that, if any purpose were discoverable—if, for instance, even flowers were intended to be beautiful—it would destroy his theory." And the theory, understood in its atheistic sense, is of course subversive of any idea of absolute morality at all, and is not unfairly subjected to Carlyle's criticism; "Has the word 'Duty' no meaning? Is what we call Duty no Divine messenger and guide, but a false earthly phantasm made up of desire and fear? . . . I know not; only this I know; If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. Behold thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is—the Devil's." It must be added that Bishop Thompson is not one of those who are content to denounce theories they have not taken the trouble to master.

In the Introduction he has prefixed to this posthumous issue of the late Bishop of Ely's *Twelve Addresses on the Ordinal*, Dr. Luckcock dwells on the great and beneficial change, originally due to Bishop Wilberforce's action at Cuddesdon, visible for many years past in the method of conducting Ordinations in the Church of England. Dr. Woodford had indeed been one of the Bishop of Oxford's examining chaplains, and when himself raised to the episcopate he naturally carried out and developed the same manner of proceeding in this solemn function of his high office. Bishop Wilberforce had set the example, which soon began to be followed elsewhere, of assembling the candidates under his own roof during the period of Examination immediately preceding the day of Ordination, and imparting to it a devotional character. Bishop Woodford took the further step of separating the Examination, which he held some weeks earlier, from the observance of the Ember days, which the candidates passed in his palace at Ely in a devotional Retreat, conducted by "some priest known to possess a special aptitude for the work," who gave the meditations and addresses. But on the Thursday and Saturday evenings he always addressed them himself in his chapel. And these twelve discourses are printed from the MSS. of those delivered on such occasions, now in possession of the Theological College which he founded. They deal in close detail with the various questions and ritual acts of the Ordination Service, combining a devotional, historical, and practical treatment of the weighty points thus successively brought to view. Dr. Luckcock has done well to rescue from oblivion and present in a permanent form a treatise so full of suggestive matter, alike for those called to administer or to receive holy orders. He is further anxious to emphasize the urgent need, too apt to be ignored, of adding to their previous general training in our public schools and universities, which he rightly holds it of the utmost importance to maintain, a superstructure of special training, in Theological Colleges or otherwise, for the work of the ministry. To insist upon this is indeed, apart from all purely religious considerations, only to require for the priesthood what is universally allowed to be requisite in preparing for every secular profession.

It is not very obvious why, among the many recent changes of academical usage, the Bampton Lectureship at Oxford and the Hulsean at Cambridge should have been thrown open indifferently to members of either University. It may be presumed that neither Oxford nor Cambridge was likely to be at a loss for competent lecturers in their own ranks respectively, while on the other hand each University has, or used to have, a distinct intellectual type of its own, which was worth preserving. However the modern cry for throwing everything open to everybody, which is fast degenerating into a superstition, has prevailed here also, and thus it came to pass that last year Archdeacon Farrar appeared

as Bampton Lecturer in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford. We cannot say that there is anything in his discourses on the *History of Interpretation* to prove a special fitness in this innovation on old custom. They reproduce in full measure the vagueness, intolerance of definite dogma, and theological flabbiness too characteristic of his former works. And it is significant that he dedicates the volume to Professor Jowett "with sincere respect for the services he has rendered to . . . theology," while he endorses Mr. Jowett's rule, laid down in *Essays and Reviews*, that we must "interpret the Bible as we interpret any other book," without perceiving that the consistent application of such a principle is incompatible, not only with the exploded theory of verbal inspiration—on which he expends a rather superfluous volume of rhetorical denunciation—but with any intelligible theory of inspiration at all. Thus again we are told in the preface that there can be no mistake about "the inmost and most essential truths of the Bible," since they are "written also in the Books of Nature and Experience and in the heart of man." But if that be an exhaustive account of "essential truths," the doctrines e.g. of the Trinity and the Incarnation which are learnt from revelation only must be excluded from the category. We do not of course suppose that Dr. Farrar wishes to exclude them, but that only shows how thoroughly inaccurate and untheological is his whole treatment of such themes, nor does he improve matters by appealing in this connexion to "the lofty soul of John Milton," and "the serene wisdom of John Locke," with the comment that we cannot "listen to manlier voices." Milton was avowedly an Arian, to say nothing of his strange views on Christian ethics, and Locke's religious orthodoxy has certainly been questioned. We are assured however, on Milton's authority, that it is "nothing short of a sin against the Holy Ghost" to interfere with "Freedom" and "PROGRESS" (*sic*)—which must surely depend much on what is meant by the words—and in the next page we find "Schleiermacher and Baur" classed with "Origen, Augustine, and Aquinas" as interpreters of Scripture. Whatever may be thought of Schleiermacher, every one knows pretty well what Baur meant by "freedom." The fact is that, while he is an eloquent and impressive preacher, and no doubt is personally a devout and orthodox believer, Archdeacon Farrar's mental build does not fit him for the work of a philosopher and theologian, and it is a pity he does not frankly recognize his incompetence to handle a subject-matter which his method of treatment is likelier to throw into confusion than to illustrate. It almost seems as if the old Greek proverb *μᾶλλον ἄνθρωπος* expressed his own fundamental formula of doctrinal belief. And there is something very unhistorical in his angry and contemptuous rejection of all traditional aids to exegesis. His Lectures contain, as is natural, a good deal of interesting matter, and display a large amount of somewhat undigested reading, but we are not much wiser about the true method of Scriptural exegesis at the end than at the beginning. On one point indeed the lecturer is very explicit, though he is quite aware that he is going in the teeth of "all primitive and medieval commentators from the first century to the Reformation," and of very many Protestant commentators also, in insisting that to allow more than one sense, and that the primary and literal one, to any passage of Scripture is "subversive of all exactitude, if not fatal to all truth." If so, the Christian world has misunderstood Scripture from the beginning. We must not imagine that "the Trinity is revealed in the beginning of Genesis," or that "the duty of Mariolatry" is set forth in the Canticles, or the relations of Christ to the Church or to the soul of man; "it is the exquisite celebration of a pure love in humble life"—in which case Solomon is clearly not the writer—and is nothing more. Yet the notion that Gen. ii. 26 implies the doctrine of the Trinity—which he strangely says "is no longer deemed tenable by any ordinary Christian"—is by no means peculiar to patristic or scholastic interpreters, nor is St. Bernard at all singular in attributing a secondary and spiritual sense to the Canticles; what is singular indeed is to deny it. Take another point, which betrays both narrowness of view and misapprehension—the lecturer's treatment of the Septuagint and the "Apocrypha," or what up to the Reformation were always known as the deuterocanonical books. Dr. Farrar admits that the Septuagint "is quoted to a very large extent by the writers of the N. T., even in passages where it diverges widely from the original"—he might have added in six places out of seven, and that arguments are based on passages differing widely from the Hebrew—yet it never seems to occur to him that this gives it any sort of authority, and he censures Fathers and Schoolmen for doing what was habitually done by Christ and his Apostles. Then again we are told that the canon of the O. T. "was not clearly defined till the sixteenth century," referring apparently to the Reformed Churches which then rejected "the Apocrypha." But the canon of the great African Synod of Hippo in 393 includes most of the deuterocanonical books, and to say that St. Jerome "drew a marked line between the apocryphal and canonical books" because he rejected "4 Esdras" is simply to misapprehend the point at issue; the third and fourth of Esdras were never admitted into any canon, and are rejected to this day by the Church of Rome. Dr. Farrar might as well argue that, because St. Jerome excluded "the Gospel of the Infancy" from the canon, he rejected the Gospel of St. John. The plain fact is—as he might have learnt from so independent a witness as Reuss, whom he often quotes on other points—that the Jewish canon was never closed before the final Dispersion, when the anti-Hellenistic reaction which followed on the fall of Jerusalem led the Jews to



repudiate alike the Septuagint and the later books dating after Malachi, because they were written in Greek and not in Hebrew. But the Christian Church in fixing the canon did not hold inspiration to be confined to the Hebrew tongue. And although Dr. Farrar calls St. Augustine's acceptance of the Gospels on the authority of the Church a "false and degrading notion" and a "reversal of the true order of things," he must be aware that at all events in the historical "order of things" the Church existed before a word of the New Testament was written. So hot indeed is his wrath against the unfortunate "Apocrypha" that he goes out of his way to saddle the magnificent Book of Wisdom—from which he might have remembered that his Church selects the noble lessons for All Saints' Day—with sundry foolish or heathenish ideas which are neither stated nor at all necessarily implied in the passages to which he refers. We have no space here to examine his argument in detail, but we must observe that his intellectual estimate of the Fathers, and still more of the Schoolmen, is a very disparaging and not a very intelligent one. He appears again to be quite unaware that Erigena was almost, if not quite, a pantheist, and it is odd to be told, as an *obiter dictum* too obvious for dispute, that "Abelard was orthodox"; certainly that was not at all St. Bernard's view. And the lecturer might have learnt from writers so little chargeable with any prejudice in their favour as Hegel, Humboldt, Von Raumer, Coleridge, Mill, and Shirley (if he did not choose to study the originals), a juster appreciation of the labours of the great Schoolmen. Nor can we think his review of post-Reformation exegesis either lucid or adequate, but into that we have no space to follow him.

We learn from his preface that the "Oxford Graduate" is a clergyman, who "has no possible pretensions to the qualifications necessary for scientific research," and that his twenty lectures or sermons—for each has a text prefixed to it—on the *Mystic Voices of Heaven* are based on "popular manuals of astronomy," and designed to exhibit the "mystical correspondence between the natural and supernatural"; in other words, we presume, to illustrate the psalmist's statement that "the heavens declare the glory of God." They seem to be carefully put together, and well adapted to combine a considerable amount of popular instruction in astronomy with an edifying application of the subject.

Mr. Davidson's translation of Dr. Lechler's *Apostolic and Post-Apostolic Times* is made from the third edition of what originally appeared nearly forty years ago as a reply to the teaching of Baur and the Tübingen School. But the author has so completely recast his materials, taking into account also later publications on the subject, as to make it in fact a new work. And it is no doubt true, as he observes, that "scholars of the critical school, as they fondly call themselves in an exclusive sense, still carry on the combat along the whole line," though Baur's authority has been greatly discredited; the appearance of such a work as the present is therefore not inopportune. It requires to be carefully studied, and no justice could be done to the argument by extracts or a brief analysis. But the author's aim is to show, amid a multiplicity of records and variety of natural temperament, an essential unity of apostolic teaching, which survived the removal of the Apostles from the scene, so that the Gentile and Jewish Christians, in spite of temporary and superficial differences, were fused in one Communion, and it is "unhistorical" to represent a struggle between the Pauline and Ebionite spirit running through the second century; on the contrary, the Judaizers were speedily reduced to an external sect. The translation is fairly readable.

The next book on our list has about the lengthiest, clumsiest, and most puzzling title-page we ever recollect to have seen. It requires a process of careful analysis to make sure whether *The Catholic Controversy* comes from the pen of St. Francis of Sales, or of the Rev. Henry Benedict Mackey, O.S.B., or of the Bishop of Newport and Menevia, O.S.B. However, we have painfully arrived at the conclusion that it consists of a translation by the Rev. H. B. Mackey, under direction of Bishop Hedley, of some hitherto unpublished controversial MSS. of St. Francis. It is natural of course, considering his high repute in the Church, that any newly discovered autograph of the Saint should be committed to the press, and the translation reads smoothly enough. But these posthumous publications are often a questionable kindness to the author—as e.g. in the case of Miss Austen and Miss Brontë—and it may be doubted if the reputation of St. Francis will be increased by thus unearthing, after the lapse of three centuries, polemical tracts dealing largely with obsolete phases of the disputes of the Reformation period. Our attention is specially directed on the title-page to a section on Papal authority, which can hardly be said to elucidate the difficulties of the Vatican dogma. We are told first that the Pope not only may "err in his private opinions, as did John XXII," but may, "be altogether a heretic, as perhaps [P] Honorius was," in which case "he falls *ipso facto* from his dignity and out of the Church, and the Church must either deprive him, or, as some say, declare him deprived of his Apostolic See." Yet we are told in the same breath that "he cannot err when he is in *cathedra*," and intends to teach the universal Church on questions of faith and morals. But suppose a Pope who is "altogether a heretic" should take upon him to proclaim *ex cathedra* what is altogether heresy—and according to *Janus* this is no hypothetical supposition—who is to decide whether "he has *ipso facto* fallen from his dignity" or not? If the Church "declares him deprived," are we to follow Church or Pope? Clearly they cannot both be right.

There is, if we may be pardoned for saying so, rather a Yankee ring about the title of *Joseph the Prime-Minister*; but it appears that Dr.

Taylor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, has already treated several prominent characters of both the Old and New Testament in similar fashion "with general acceptance." And there are no doubt readers, both young and old, who prefer a somewhat sensational *réchauffé* of the Scripture narrative to the simplicity of the sacred text. Nor have we any fault to find with Dr. Taylor's way of doing the thing in this series of discourses—for such they are in fact—if it was to be done at all. Indeed they contrast very favourably as well in style as in substance with the average of sermons preached in Dissenting chapels in England, so far as we have any means of judging, and still more with burlesque presentations of the Gospel for the million of the Ward Beecher type. Dr. Taylor is thoughtful and reverential, and has taken pains to study his subject.

Certain papers on "the Christian Interpretation of Christian Doctrine" are reprinted under the not very luminous title of *Progressive Orthodoxy* from the *Andover Review*. The Introduction is devoted to explaining what is meant by the union of orthodoxy and progress, but beyond the assurance that there need be no "recasting of the primitive ecumenical creeds" or the "fundamental principles of the Reformation"—which last are left wholly undefined—the explanation may be described as *obscurum per obscurius*. However on turning to the essays themselves, which deal with leading truths of Christian doctrine, we find for the most part a restatement, not always in very theological and sometimes in rather ambiguous language, of the received orthodox belief. On the whole the papers are well written, but will not convey much new information to those familiar with the subjects under review. The longest, and most interesting perhaps, is that on Eschatology, which is chiefly occupied in discussing the religious condition and prospects of the heathen world.

#### ROTIFERA.\*

NEARLY two hundred years ago, in the autumn of 1696, the Rev. John Harris, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Rector of Winchelsea, communicated to the Society's *Transactions* his "Microscopical Observations" upon "a drop of rain-water which had stood in a gallipot in his window" for about two months. It was a time when scientific observations did not generally err on the side of a too rigid exactness; and, indeed, accurate description was hardly possible with so imperfect an instrument as the microscope of that day. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Harris's account of what he saw is somewhat vague, though we need have no hesitation in applying it to a species of Rotiferon. He writes:—"I saw here an animal like a large maggot, which could contract itself up into a spherical figure, and then stretch itself out again; the end of its tail appeared with a forceps like that of an earwig; I could plainly see it open and shut its mouth, from whence air-bubbles would be frequently discharged. Of them I could number about four or five, and they seemed to be busy with their mouths, as if in feeding." The record of Mr. Harris's researches attracted considerable attention; and a few years afterwards Leuwenhoek, whose name had appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions* as early as 1673, published an account of certain curious forms of animalcula which he had discovered at Delft. His printed observations are not only pleasant reading; they fully deserve the encomiums passed upon them by the late Dr. Carpenter, who expressed his surprise "that, with such imperfect instruments at his command, Leuwenhoek should have seen so much and so well as to make it dangerous for any one, even now, to announce a discovery without having consulted his works, in order to see whether some anticipation of it may not be found there." His singular accuracy can only be explained by supposing that he trusted less to the compound microscope than to single lenses of high power, the use of which in less practised hands is attended with almost insurmountable difficulties. From the time of Leuwenhoek the knowledge of these creatures gradually extended; and, to the credit of their biographers, it may be asserted that their descriptions are rarely tedious, often extremely interesting, and not unfrequently conceived in a vein of mild humour such as seldom relieves the pages of a philosopher. Thus Müller, writing circa 1770:—"The world of the invisible, the world shut to our ancestors, was first entered about a hundred years ago. It breeds monsters of unheard-of form and manner of life; it abounds in miracles, as much as do the remote Indies; but it is explored with lesser peril, for it lies everywhere at our very feet and is not sought out for gold. Each was explored with great slaughter of its inhabitants; the one often resisted by wasting the lives of its aggressors, the other had no defence but patience. This we owe to the needle which joined two hemispheres together, that to the lens which images alike the solar spots and the infusoria, the widest apart of all created things."

Among others of greater or less reputation who have recorded their observations Ehrenberg, well known for his microscopic researches in all the lower forms of life, produced in 1838 an almost exhaustive treatise upon the Infusoria. In this work he separated the Rotifera from the other forms with which until his time they had been confounded, inventing a system of classification which in its general features has not yet been superseded. Pritchard followed in 1851 with a comprehensive history of

\* *The Rotifera, or Wheel Animalcules*. By C. T. Hudson, M.D. Cantab. Assisted by P. H. Gosse, F.R.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1886.

animalcules, "illustrated with 500 drawings"; the latest edition 1861, an original and most valuable essay, closely following the work of Ehrenberg, contains descriptions of all the then known species of Rotifera. Kirby's *Manual of the Infusoria*, published in 1880, is of less importance, and is apparently not noticed by the authors of the volumes before us, though we have read with interest the chapter on Spontaneous Generation. Finally, not to mention the investigations of others, we have this monograph by Dr. Hudson and Mr. Gosse. Confining themselves solely to the Rotifera, they have by their joint labours produced a work which will undoubtedly be accepted as the text-book of this most interesting class. Each of these distinguished naturalists has long ago approved himself as a most careful and accurate observer; while in one of them, who on the title-page is modestly described as "assisting," Dr. Hudson, we are glad to recognize a genial writer whose *Rambles and Seaside Studies*, &c., delighted us more than thirty years ago, when popular works on natural science were less frequent than they have since become, and to whom, if we rightly remember, the marine aquaria at the Zoological Gardens owed, if not their origin, at least their earlier success.

Rotifera—for it is perhaps necessary to define them, though their forms are so Protean that the authors despair of all positive exhaustive definition—are small aquatic animals, deriving their name from a wheel-like appearance, produced by fine cirruli of hairs, *cilia*, placed upon their heads, and perpetually in motion. A few species are marine, and probably at times phosphorescent; the majority are found in fresh water, either free or attached to the leaves and stems of water-plants. Many of them are visible to the naked eye, and, being of almost glassy transparency, may be studied under a simple lens, and their form, their habits, and internal economy be accurately recorded; others, and by far the greater number, are of less portentous dimensions, varying from about one-eighth of an inch in length, the giants of their class, they dwindle down to a twentieth, a fiftieth, a two-hundredth, and even to the five-hundredth of an inch, and, absolutely invisible to the naked eye, require the highest and most penetrating powers of the microscope to discover their species, perhaps even to detect their existence. A living creature so minute might seem hardly worthy of careful observation, but everything is relative, size is only a question of degree, and, strangely as it may read, a Rotiferon, one-eighth of an inch in length, much more nearly approaches the central term in the long sequence of living creatures than do we ourselves with our presumably more convenient bodies. Mr. Gosse, if we rightly remember, in one of his earlier books institutes a comparison which, placing the Rorqual, of 100 feet in length, at one end of the chain, and the *Monas crepusculum*, a spherical living atom  $\frac{1}{25000}$  inch in diameter at the other, shows that the common house-fly forms the central link of the long connecting series. Compared with this monad the larger Rotifera are of prodigious size, and to the minuter denizens of the water it must be indeed a terror to find themselves in the unexpected presence of a creature which,

extending long and large,  
Lies floating many a rood—in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size.

*Horrendum informe ingens, but not cui lumen ademptum*; for close behind the vast mouth, armed with deadly rows of cilia, ever in action to compel the unhappy monad to its doom, glitters a fixed blood-tinted eye in itself hundreds of times larger than the atom it appals.

If, retaining sense and sight, we could shrink into living atoms and plunge under the water, of what a world of wonders should we then form part. We should find a fairy kingdom peopled with the strangest creatures—creatures that swim with their hair, that have ruby eyes blazing deep in their necks, with telescopic limbs that now are withdrawn wholly within their bodies, and are now stretched out to many times their own length. Here are some riding at anchor, moored by delicate threads spun out from their toes, and there are others flashing by in glassy armour bristling with sharp spikes, or ornamented with bosses and flowing curves; while fastened to a green stem is an animal convoluted that by some invisible power draws a never-ceasing stream of victims into its gaping cup, and tears them to death with hooked jaws deep down within its body.

But such description does not half exhaust their peculiarities. The Rotifera are dioecious—i.e. they exist in opposite sexes, reversing, however, as it must be confessed many inferior creatures do, the long-established axiom that the masculine is more worthy than the feminine, the female Rotifers have an unquestionable superiority; not only do they surpass their consorts in size and in intelligence, but they alone possess digestive organs, and so attain what is to them life's highest happiness—the indulgence of their appetites. The entire absence of a stomach in the male Rotifer may perhaps not be so disappointing as would be the possession of an imperfect one, and in one species at least the male may derive consolation from the knowledge that the balance of nature is restored, his enchantress possessing two stomachs, entirely disconnected, thus doubling her potentiality of enjoyment.

We have used the term "intelligence." It may savour of exaggeration to ascribe mental powers to living atoms which would pass readily through the eye of the finest needle. But the manner in which the *Meliceria ringens*, for instance, builds its tube, choosing the fittest particles for the purpose, and rejecting whatever is unsuitable, is certainly not unintelligent; and the little obscure *Distemma raptor*, which rarely exceeds  $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch in length, selecting its food with rapid decision, evincing sight, observation, and discrimination, is guided by something

higher than instinct. So clearly may we recognize a mental process that, says Mr. Gosse, if "we could descend to his level, and form a personal acquaintance with him," we should not consider him wanting in intelligence, but regard him instead "as a person of great discrimination of character"—but the subject is too wide a one for discussion in a review; rather would we recommend the volume to our readers, and leave them to form their opinion of the facts which are brought to their notice.

Of even greater interest is the strange tenacity of life possessed by the Rotifera, a quality which they share in common with a vast number of other Infusoria. The preponderance of conviction among naturalists is, as we know, adverse to all theories of spontaneous generation, while the supporters of the opposite opinion have been driven from one to another imaginary stronghold, and have gradually taken refuge in less and less distinguishable microscopic forms. It may be difficult to prove that a minute speck, which almost escapes a one-eighth objective, has not come spontaneously into being, but the extraordinary powers of resuscitation evinced by creatures of even larger size cannot be overlooked. Thus in one class of the Rotifera, the Bdelloideæ, the experiment of desiccation has been carefully recorded. Specimens have been dried, have been suffered to remain in that condition three or four years, and then, placed in water, have been brought to active life again. Mr. Jabez Hogg, of high repute as a microscopist, informs us that he has known Rotifera revive "after fifteen years"; and, though they can be killed by drying them too quickly, such is their normal tenacity of life that, provided they have a little sand or moss which by retarding the process shall give them time to retract their head and foot, and, forming themselves into a more or less irregular ball, secrete an outer gelatinous coat which shall retain their moisture, they may be even dried in vacuo over sulphuric acid or chloride of calcium, or be gradually subjected to a heat of more than 200° Fahrenheit, and yet not lose their capability of revivification. The brilliant motes which dance in the sunbeams are no doubt partly composed of these exquisitely delicate organisms, or of their still minuter ova, wafted hither and thither by the faintest movement of the air, and at any moment, precipitated by a shower, prepared to return to active happy life again; this and their marvellous powers of reproduction sufficiently explain their almost universal presence without resorting to the unphilosophical suggestions of spontaneous generation. We ourselves a score or more years ago experimented with dried mud from the pools of Gihon; placed in water it was soon teeming with life, it was again and again dried, and, after lying on a library shelf for years, was again restored to the aquarium, and, on each occasion, under the influence of sunlight, the water became rapidly peopled not only with myriads of Infusoria, but with living things of higher organization and larger growth, Daphnia, and Cypria, and rosy-coloured *Easteria*, fully  $\frac{1}{8}$ th of an inch in their greatest diameter, and, loveliest of all, the beautiful *Branchipus eximius*, often not far short of an inch in length.

The value of the work is increased by a series of admirable illustrations; they are not drawn to scale, the Rotifera varying so widely in size, but the actual length of each species is given at the end of its description. Excellent as are the drawings, they give but a faint idea of the extreme beauty of some of the little creatures represented; viewed with a background illuminator, their glassy brightness is often most effective, and will well repay the careful observation of the student.

#### TWO ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ROMANCES.

ONE of the difficulties of Egyptian research consists in the frequent mixture of fact and fiction. Two characteristics of the middle and later periods were the want of imagination and the reverence for antiquity. There are tales in papyrus which for realism mock a modern French novel; and when the writer wishes to be particularly impressive, he tells us that the events he describes took place in the time of the Pharaoh who founded the Third Dynasty, and that they were first committed to writing in the days of Sebekhotep of the Thirteenth Dynasty, sunk by magic in the Nile for a thousand years enclosed in a triple case, and at last discovered and made public in the reign of the gracious and living divinity who now fills the throne of Horus, and so on, sometimes ending with the name of a very late Rameside king. The difficulty of giving a correct date to such a document may be imagined. A thousand or fifteen hundred years hence Sir Walter Scott may be supposed to have been the contemporary of the events he describes in the *Talisman* or *Ivanhoe*, while the very precise date of *Waverley*: or, *'Tis Sixty Years Since*, will only puzzle the antiquary of the far future. But Sir Walter Scott, writing in the nineteenth century, sometimes it must be confessed very ignorantly, of the events of the thirteenth, was almost a contemporary compared with an Egyptian story-teller who, in the tenth century before our era, wrote of the doings of the Pyramid-builders, who lived at least two thousand years before him, and whose exact date was to him as the age of the Palæolithic man is to us—an age to be placed as far back as possibility would stretch. He wrote of *Ptah-hotep*: or, *'Tis Sixty Centuries Since*, with the light heart of the romancer whom no one can contradict. We find his literary remains, and, not being able to criticize his knowledge, accept everything he describes as genuine and contemporary.



An excellent example of this kind of criticism came lately from Germany. It was translated in the *St. James's Gazette* of the 23rd of July. The heirs of Richard Lepsius had a papyrus which has been acquired lately by the Berlin Museum. It came from Egypt, where it was written "in the vulgar tongue"—that is, we may suppose, in the demotic character—about 1600 B.C., or in the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty, that of the Amenhoteps and Thothmes. If so, it is the oldest demotic document known to exist; but we may safely postpone an opinion on this point. The story, as we are informed, which was written on the papyrus "goes back nearly a thousand years, to the reign of King Cheops, the fabled builder of the Pyramids." This in itself is a very remarkable statement. If the Eighteenth Dynasty flourished in 1600 B.C., the "nearly a thousand years back" would be about 2500 B.C. But even moderate and cautious historians place the date of the Great Pyramid at 3600 or more B.C. And even the most cautious would not call Cheops "the fabled builder of the Pyramids." This may be due to the translator or to the German writer of the article quoted; and we may pass on. The scene is laid at the Court of King Cheops, and among the other kings named are "Snefru," who stands probably for Seneferu, generally accounted the last king of the Third Dynasty, and Chephren (Chafra), the successor of Cheops (Khufu). The romancer of the Eighteenth Dynasty talks as familiarly of these ancient potentates as Sir Walter Scott talks of Richard I. or Queen Caroline. King Cheops learns that in the reign of his father Seneferu a wise man existed named Dedi, and that Dedi is still alive, and can eat five hundred loaves and quarter of an ox. This aged but robust sage counsels the king in a case of difficulty as to the building of his pyramid, and Cheops's son, Chephren, tells a foolish anecdote about Nebka, a king of the Third Dynasty, whose name, it may be remarked, is among the earliest that occur in contemporary or quasi-contemporary documents. Historical memory in Egypt may be said to have gone no further back than Nebka. The romance proceeds, being exceedingly wild, extravagant, and as devoid of even a pretence of consistency as "Jack and the Beanstalk." But when we come to the end of the translator's report, we are informed that Herr Lepsius, in a preface, expressed his opinion that we have here a tradition of facts, and that we may learn from the papyrus that Cheops was the son of Seneferu and the father of Chephren, that the first three kings of the Fifth Dynasty were brothers, and other information of the kind; yet to the ordinary mind all that seems clear is that the novelist of the seventeenth century B.C. thought the period of Cheops was very remote from his own, as indeed it was, and that no historical probability would be violated by making Seneferu grandfather of his next successor but one. What a novelist of the reign of George IV. thought about the Angevin period might be interesting, but would hardly be taken to prove a doubtful fact in the history of King John. Yet King John was not half as remote from Scott as Cheops from the novelist of Amenhotep.

Another Egyptian story, of which a portion is also preserved in the Berlin Museum, was translated by Mr. Godwin in the sixth volume of the *Records of the Past*. There are a few lines of it on a stone in the British Museum, but the beginning was wholly missing. During the last season M. Maspero has found a piece of limestone in a tomb at Thebes on which the whole narrative is written in large hieratic characters, with stops and paragraphs in red. It is that of Saneha, a kind of early Sinbad, and may be wholly fictitious, or else may, like the adventures of the Arab hero, be founded on fact, and perhaps unintentionally perverted. The inscribed stone was buried with an official whose name, in the barbarous modern French style of transliteration which M. Maspero affects, is given as Sennotmou, which does not answer to any hieroglyphics known to Lieblein or Brugsch. M. Maspero gives to Saneha the feminine form *Sinouhit*, and other words—such as *Qimoirmi*—are so disfigured as to render necessary a double dictionary, a sort of Dixon's *Johnsonary*, if we would turn his French forms back into hieroglyphics and again into the old transliterations which were good enough for De Rougé and Deveria in the years before the German War. Saneha is a fugitive from the Court of Amenemhat I. He had overheard a State secret; and, being probably a coward, as he describes himself, prefers exile to danger. His adventures commence with this secret, which supplies an adequate reason for his flight and wanderings, hitherto wanting. The *Academy* a week or two ago contained an account by Miss Amelia B. Edwards of M. Maspero's discovery, and adds his conjecture that a tablet or "ostrakon," as he calls it, was purposely broken when it was placed in the tomb of its owner, who, perchance, was a "grand liseur de romans en son vivant." To break the stone was to kill it; and its double passed into the other world with the soul or double of its owner. The great perfection of the furniture of tombs, and the unfractured state of implements and books often found, militate against this conjecture; but in dealing with Egyptian things what we can assert of one period may not be true of all. "Sennotmou" seems to have lived in the reign of a king of the Twentieth Dynasty. The story of Saneha relates to the Twelfth, and purports to have been written then, or about a thousand years before the time of Rameses IV. When, therefore, Saneha, or his romantic biographer, dates the death of Amenemhat I. in "the year xxx., the seventh day, the second month of Sha't," we feel that it may be so, but the inscription written so long after, and in a story, does not prove it as a fact. We know that Amenemhat is dead, and that he died in the thirtieth year of his reign, some two thousand years B.C.

This we have from various authorities; and the probability is great that the author of the adventures of Saneha did not need to invent the day and the month; but the evidence he offers is of the slightest kind. The story as already known contains passages of some literary and even poetical beauty. Saneha's nostalgia is a touch of nature; the Egyptian of the middle period, like the Englishman of to-day, longs to "go home." On the other hand, the welcome given him by the king is purely Egyptian. He graciously lifts him up and speaks to him; but this is nothing. He gives him a house "befitting a councillor"; but this is nothing. The greatest compliment is to come. The king chooses him a site for a tomb, and appoints the chief painter to design it, and the chief sculptors and masons to carve it and build it. "My image," says Saneha, "was engraved upon the portal of pure gold. His Majesty caused it to be done." Naturally, with such a tomb to retire to, he lived happy ever after, and was in favour with the king until the day of his death. The time may come when we shall be able to date such stories by internal evidence. We shall know when the novelist makes an anachronism; when he describes some custom which was unknown in the days of his hero, or worships some image not yet brought from Asia, just as Herr Ebers makes his Thebans talk Greek. Meanwhile, we can only study and encourage translations and decipherments, and withhold any opinion as to dates until we have a sufficient number of documents to judge by. At present we are much in the position of some critic in the millennium after next who may think that King Arthur and Prince Albert were contemporary potentates, or that Absalom was an alternative spelling for the name of James, Duke of Monmouth.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.\*

MR. THEODORE VAN DYKE'S volume on Southern California is the result of ten years' residence in that country, a period which, in fact, includes the greater part of its history. When California was handed over by Mexico to the United States less than forty years ago, its wealth and value were little known; the Spaniards, spreading slowly northwards from the Isthmus of Panamá, had explored the coast-line, and established a few ranches for stock-raising on the foot-hills of the Sierra. Even the magnificent bay of San Francisco, the first really good harbour which they had found since leaving Acapulco, was merely peopled by a few settlers under the shelter of a Jesuit Mission. From the Western world California was entirely cut off by a double chain of mountains, and by what the maps of even thirty years ago persisted in calling "the great American Desert"—now partitioned into Colorado, Nevada, and other thriving States. The discovery of gold in 1849 attracted population and made the fortune of San Francisco; while the country draining into that bay, a hundred miles long of land-locked water, was shortly after settled by immigrants who soon found that the real wealth of the country consisted far more in its agricultural than in its mineral resources. But it was not until the opening of the first trans-continental railway in 1868 brought Western markets within reach that even this northern part of California became fully developed, and that the increasing population began to spread southwards towards the districts treated of by Mr. Van Dyke. As long as these districts could find no other market for their produce than in and through San Francisco, their progress was limited and retarded; but as soon as the completion of the South Pacific, and of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railway systems placed them in direct communication with the West, they developed with marvellous rapidity.

Mr. Van Dyke appears to have been originally attracted to South California by reason of its climate, and he goes very fully into the question of seasons, temperature, rainfall, and other climatic influences. His object is to describe the natural outdoor attractions of the country, not to praise up its town-sites, harbours, and commercial capabilities. The great and almost unique advantage of the South Californian climate is that it offers to Americans, on their own continent and among their own countrymen, a land where both winter and summer bring pleasure and comfort. The orange groves and everglades of Florida are a refuge to many from the rigours of a northern winter; but all except those born therein must fly from these pestilential shores at the first breath of spring. South California, on the contrary, is the very place of all the world in which at the coming of warm weather an invalid should stay. The seasons are practically only two; it is either always spring or always summer. There is not even a real rainy season, though the so-called winter passes sometimes under that name, for the number of rainy days is never equal to that of a wet spring and summer in the Eastern States; while, as far as winter is concerned, it consists of a few frosty nights, sure to be succeeded by a warm and bright day. In early February, the wild flowers begin to carpet the ground, and until the middle of September an unbroken succession of ever-varying colour keeps up a riotous profusion of splendour. Autumn has nothing that is saddening or sentimental; the shades of the foliage are a little greyer and paler, the nights a trifle cooler, and the sea-breeze a trifle fresher. November has no leaden skies, no sodden leaves; only a little frost along the bottoms of the valleys, and a stiller, drier air. In December thin ice may form at daylight on some of the lowest

\* *Southern California*. By Theodore S. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. 1886.

grounds, yet the days are nearly like those of summer; the plains look a little greyer, the table-lands a little browner, but the woods are very nearly as green as ever—"we might as well call the whole of it summer, for it is only summer a little worn out." A peculiarity of the seasons is that no two winters in ten years are alike, while no two summers are different. In summer, month after month, there is an unbroken procession of bright days with no great heat, notwithstanding the low latitude. The dry air gives freedom from malaria, and cool nights; a breeze from the sea always follows the rising of the sun. The hottest weather produces no sunstroke or bowel complaints; one may always find comfort at the coast, and inland, too, under the shady side of a tree or house. Thunder and lightning are almost unknown, and during the entire year there is a remarkable absence of all dangerous, and well-nigh even of all unpleasant, winds. The farmer's hopes are centred on the amount of rain that may fall during the winter, which is all uncertainty. In three years out of ten the rainfall on the lowlands will be wholly insufficient to raise profitable crops. In two more years out of ten it will be barely sufficient; in two more it will be about right, and in the remaining three somewhat in excess, in one perhaps considerably so. There is, however, a happy tendency to forget that there ever was a dry winter whenever two good ones come in succession. The midday temperature is always above freezing, except in the highest mountains. A frost is entirely local, and confined to the hours of early morning. In this it differs from the dangerous frosts of Florida, which occasionally kill all the orange trees. In Florida a low temperature is caused by a cold wave from the north, producing a frost which lasts all day, while in South California the cold is caused by the extreme dryness of the air, causing rapid radiation at daybreak. Plants are able to stand frosts of such short duration, and the orange trees have never been injured as those of Florida have been at different times.

Compared with such States as Illinois and Kansas, the soil of South California is far from being rich. It consists mainly of disintegrated granite, but the richness cannot be judged by the eye; much that is apparently pure sand is surprisingly fertile, the reason being that, owing to the dry air the vegetation does not decompose and colour the soil as in other countries, but disappears by slow pulverization and can scarcely be seen without a magnifying glass. To a naturalist it is curious to note that, though the land is now covered with a luxuriant growth of vegetation, most of it is foreign to the soil. The products of two zones grow side by side, none of them natives of the place, yet each in a higher state of perfection than in their original homes. Below the elevation of four thousand feet timber is limited in amount and the list of trees is quite small. One tree, Torrey's Pine, has been found nowhere else in the world but in a tract of a few square miles above the Bay of San Diego. It is a dwarf pine with large cones containing, within a shell as hard as a filbert, a sweet nut entirely free from any disagreeable flavour. These extremely rare trees are protected by a fine of a hundred dollars for cutting one down for any purpose. What the country lacks in trees it makes up in shrubs, which cover the hill-sides in a dense jungle called "chaparral." Yet this land, in which the fruits of all other climates flourish, has scarcely any wild fruit of its own except the *tuna*, or red prickly pear; this juicy and refreshing fruit is, however, rarely eaten by Americans, mainly, as Mr. Van Dyke remarks, because it is abundant, and costs nothing. Of game birds there are not many species, though two, the valley quail and the mountain quail, exist in large numbers, and afford excellent sport. Regarding the former species Mr. Van Dyke mentions a curious instinct—namely, that when the rainfall is insufficient to provide abundance of grass and seeds, they decline to pair off and increase, but remain unmated in large flocks. Deer stalking, or "still hunting," as Americans call it, is to be had within easy reach of civilization, and the mountain brooks contain a species of trout as game and bold as any that ever rose to a fly. In the lower levels there are apparently no streams, even where marked on the maps; the fact being that there is abundance of water in them flowing underground through beds of friable granite sand. On the coast sea-fishing affords excellent sport. On the mountains a few mountain sheep are left, but the wolf and grizzly bear are almost extinct. The coyote, which "eats everything, from a quail's egg to a humming-bird, from a water-melon to a sheep," is common, as also are hares of different sorts. The large one, called the "jackass rabbit," is a match for the best greyhound, while the smaller "cotton-tail" is ridden down, killed with a short club, and picked up without dismounting by the Mission Indians. To the ornithologist South Carolina presents an attractive field, as the birds have by no means been yet worked out. Mr. Van Dyke recommends a camping tour as the best way to see the country; it is easy, cheap, and safe. Snakes and poisonous reptiles are not abundant enough to be troublesome. Mr. Van Dyke records that in ten years' camping out he never had a centipede or a snake in camp, and but two scorpions and one tarantula. It is satisfactory to learn that the hills are too rough and too numerous ever to allow of the extermination of game.

On the subject of farming Mr. Van Dyke tells much that is of interest. The old Spanish residents depended entirely on stock-raising. After the arrival of the Americans it was gradually discovered that wheat would grow, even without irrigation. Meanwhile, attracted by the success of cattle-raising, the "sheep-man," with no fixed home, and no property but a waggon and two or three thousand sheep, arrived on the scene. Soon after it was discovered that the wild flowers of California produced the finest

honey in the world. The early success of farming was but temporary, consisting as it did on staking everything on the success of one particular crop—in other words, in betting upon the season, without any thorough cultivation of the land. As settlers increased and wet lands and running water became scarcer, the farmer gradually ventured with his plough on higher ground, until at length the principle was established that, by constantly turning and pulverizing the top soil, such land will retain during the longest and hottest summer sufficient moisture within four or five inches of the top to raise grapes, corn, potatoes, and any deep-rooted plant. The application of this principle has rendered possible the cultivation and settlement of millions of acres that not twenty years ago were only considered fit for stock. It has even to a great extent rendered irrigation unnecessary, though it still remains true that cultivation and irrigation judiciously combined constitute the perfection of farming. The old Mexican system consisted of drenching the land year in and year out, and leaving the crops, once planted, to take care of themselves. This often produced a good return of corn, but at the same time a heavy growth of weeds, and exhausted the land. Irrigation when now applied is regulated by the "Miner's Inch"—namely, the quantity of water which will flow through an opening an inch square with a pressure of four inches of water above it. This would cover an acre one foot deep in about twenty-five days, and equals the smallest annual rainfall with which anything of value can be grown. The ground is kept constantly stirred during the dry season, the dependence is mainly on cultivation, and water is only used to supply the little more which the season has failed to supply. It has, moreover, been found that over-irrigation makes fruits insipid; they gain in size at the expense of flavour. In the growth of grapes and apricots California has substantially a monopoly in the United States, and at the recent New Orleans Exposition Californian oranges took the premium over those of Florida. "The wheat-field is everywhere turning into an orchard, the sheep-range into a vineyard; for the isolation is at last broken, and the market can never again be merely local." Yet with all this Mr. Van Dyke's conclusion is that nowhere does farming produce much more than a living; all that South California offers in addition is comfort and ease, and freedom from climatic annoyances. There is none of the rough "cow-boy" element, and the few Indians left are peaceable, though they have been shamefully robbed of their lands and denied the rights of citizenship—a policy which Mr. Van Dyke shows up as contrasted with the contrary one pursued by benighted Mexico. Mr. Van Dyke devotes his last chapter to the drawbacks of South California, though, after reading it, it is rather hard to find out what they are, so many of them are offset by advantages. Nevertheless, he does not claim to have found a paradise, for the curse imposed on Adam cannot be escaped anywhere. Yet few who try the country for a year or two seek another home elsewhere, and those who have once settled there might, without any feeling of compunction or regret, adopt as their motto "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*."

#### DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.\*

MR. LEE'S monograph—as we presume it would now be called—has the misfortune to remind us of a certain passage in the *Simone* of Alfred de Musset:—

Dès qu'il nous vient une idée  
Pas plus grosse qu'un petit chien,  
Nous essayons d'en faire un âne.

This, as we close his volume, seems to be the story of his pages on Wordsworth's devoted sister. He has chosen a canvas too large for his subject; or, at all events, larger than he is able to fill. What should have sufficed for a magazine article of moderate dimensions he has expanded to an octavo of over two hundred pages; and he has effected this mainly by lavishly padding his narrative with extracts in verse and prose, and by interposing reflections and sentiments which, it must be confessed, are not seldom of the platitudinous order. As a matter of fact, it is really very difficult to detach the figure of Miss Wordsworth from the distinguished group of which she was an unobtrusive but all-important member; and Mr. Lee's memoir is consequently rather a patchwork of gossip about Wordsworth, the Coleridges, the Lambs, De Quincey, and Lockhart than a study of the single personage whose name it bears. Of course, it is in the nature of things that, to some extent, this should be so. To withhold, suppress, efface her own individuality for the sake of those about her seems to have been this lady's "sole existence"; and when one pictures her tramping through Quantock's "sylvan combs" while Coleridge

reason'd high  
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost,

or followed her brother's walk as he went "boozing" along, evolving what he would probably have described as "a chain of extremely valuable thoughts," it is hard to resist the thought that the privileges of "plain living and high thinking" afforded by that distinguished companionship must also have had their drawbacks. And Dorothy Wordsworth's life did certainly not consist wholly in the interchange of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." At Racedown, and in the small Grasmere

\* *Dorothy Wordsworth*. By Edmund Lee. London: James Clarke & Co. 1886.



home, she must have known many of the trials of the domestic drudge—that domestic drudge who, according to an unimpeachable authority, Mr. Barry Lyndon, is your only help meet for man. Most of the cares of that modest *ménage* must have fallen upon her shoulders, and, like the inordinate pedestrianism in which she joined, have taxed her strength to the utmost, laying the fatal seeds of the sad and vacant evening of her life. From 1832, when she had a severe illness, until 1855, when she died, she never wholly recovered her mental powers, and the spring and elasticity of her nature was gone. But in her prime she must have been a unique companion and confidante to that sublime poet and (may we say it without fear of the Wordsworth Society!) equally sublime egotist, her brother William. How much he owed to her—how much his poetry owed to her—we shall never with certainty know:—

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears  
And love, and thought, and joy.

"Her taste," said Coleridge, "is a perfect electrometer. It bends, protrudes, and draws in at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults." Her own verses, of which Mr. Lee gives some examples, seem to suggest that in a certain line—the line of children's poetry—she might easily have won a reputation; while her letters and journals are charmingly fresh in their choice of words, and vivid in their presentment of natural objects. Here, for instance, is her description of the historical daffodils—a description which fully warrants the praise of Lockhart:—

When we were in the woods below Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water's side. As we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.

Fortunate in many things, the author of *The Prelude* was supremely fortunate in his womankind. To have been blessed with such a wife as Mary Hutchinson was much; but surely fate dealt with a more than benignant hand when she gave him such a sister as Dorothy Wordsworth.

#### THE PICTORIAL ARTS OF JAPAN.\*

MR. ANDERSON'S Third Part is of special and peculiar interest. It contains the conclusion of his second section, on the various applications of pictorial art which are practised in Japan and the several forms in which the genius of the Japanese painter and designer is expressed; the whole of his third section, a short one, on "Technique"; and the opening chapters of what promises to be, in some sort, the most interesting portion of the whole work—the section, that is, entitled "Characteristics." It will be convenient to defer consideration of this last until its completion in the fourth and concluding instalment of the book, and in this place to deal with no more than the purely technical chapters and with certain parts of "The Applications of Pictorial Art."

In Japan the painter is a person of real importance and authority. He bears no inconsiderable part in the round of national life, and without his aid there are many developments of art and industry in which production would be impossible. It is his function to produce the kakémonos, or hanging rolls, to which is allotted the place of honour on the wall of the Japanese home; to decorate the sliding panels which serve as its doors; to paint the screens, adorn the fans, and compose the makimono—the pictured rolls—which constitute such important elements in the Japanese scheme of plénishing; to cover with designs the ceilings of the temples in which his countrymen pay homage to their divinities and the mortuary chapels in which they reverence their dead; to illustrate innumerable novels, turn out innumerable sheets and caricatures, compose innumerable picture-books, and keep at work whole armies of engravers and printers; and at the same time to supply designs for the keramist, the embroiderer, the lacquer-maker, the worker in metals, and the sculptor in bronze and wood and ivory. In each and all of these capacities he is of use to the body politic, and in each and all of them does Mr. Anderson consider and describe him. The rules by which the display of the kakémono (which is, being interpreted, "something to hang up") is ordered are many and elaborate, and Mr. Anderson gives us all of them. The question is a complicated one; it includes considerations of shape, size, material, subject, and style of mounting, and concerning every one of these essentials we are qualified to take up our testimony with all propriety and a fulness of circumstantial detail that is convincing in the highest degree. The description follows of the makimono (= "rolled object"), and this is in its turn succeeded by a descant on the album, the *orihon*, or "folded book" (as opposed to the *shomotsu*, or "sewn book"), and the six categories—personal, poetical, special, practical, imitative, and miscellaneous—under which its varieties are arranged. Then comes the turn of the manuscript book, the turn of the loose sketch, the turn of the *gaku*, or framed picture, the turn of panel and mural pictures and of pictures upon ceil-

ings; and so, after a dissertation upon painted screens—the *tsuitate* and the *biōbu*, the stand screen and the folding—and decorated fans—the two principal classes of which, with innumerable varieties, are the "round" and the "ribbed, the *ushio* and the *agi*—we pass on to the consideration of the decoration of pottery and porcelain. Of this development of pictorial art, which appears not to have been initiated in Japan until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Shondzui, the famous potter, imported it from China, and which did not get into full swing for full a century and a half after his return from Fu-Chow, the principal varieties, as described and differentiated by Mr. Anderson, are seven in all. In the first the design is graven in the paste; in the second it is made upon biscuit before glazing; in the third it is drawn with pen and ink upon unglazed ware; in the fourth it is produced in gold and colours upon a glazed surface; in the fifth it is enamelled on an unglazed surface; in the sixth it is painted in lacquer, in the fashion invented (1825) by the Nagoya potter Toyosuké; while in the seventh it is modelled or moulded in high or low relief. The application of pictorial art to the necessities of the lacquer-worker, which comes next in order, is sketched from Mr. Quin and the *Kōgei Shiryō*, from its beginnings in the sixth century to its latest developments in the hands of the artists of to-day—the Ogawa Shōmin and Shibata Zeshin—who, says Mr. Anderson, "are doing much to keep up the standard of an art in which Japan has always been unrivalled," and in their very different ways to continue the tradition bequeathed to them by men of the stamp of Ritsuwō and the great Kōrin. To this there succeeds a brief note on embroidery, designs for which are known to have been made by such artists as Hishigawa Moronobu and Nishigawa Sukénobu; and the section is closed by some pertinent remarks on the application of pictorial art to sculpture (with special reference to the collaboration of the famous smith Gotō Yūjo and the painter Kano Motonobu, and of the carver Jingorō and the draughtsman Tanyu) and the manufacture of plastic pictures modelled in relief and coloured; on the *Oshiye*, which are pictures for children, partly painted and partly built up of various textiles; and on the illustrations and the patterns with which, in despite of anguish, the Tokio coolies rejoice to decorate their frames. As, in the interval, Mr. Anderson has exhausted the subjects of wood engraving—which is perhaps the most important branch of all—etching, and lithography, it will be evident that his survey of the several applications of pictorial art is tolerably complete, and that all we need to do to know as much as himself is to walk in the ways he has mapped out for us, and study for ourselves the mass of particulars which he has generalized for us so skilfully and well.

The chapter on Xylography is of special interest. It is not too much to say that the wood-draughtsman and the wood-cutter have between them done more for the popularization of Japanese pictorial art among the nations of the West than all the rest of their kind together. We have seen that the picture-books and flying sheets of the artists of the Popular School, which in Japan are not regarded as serious art at all, are to many Europeans the best expression of the Japanese genius; while the great majority of the classics of Japanese painting—the masters whose work is to the native connoisseur the very top of invention and accomplishment—are practically unknown to such of us as are not collectors. The reason is not far to seek. The paintings of the masters, esteemed as they deserve, have not been suffered to leave the country; while the wares of the chapmen and the flying stationers of Yedo and Nagasaki, quaint and delightful to look at, and costing but a few pence to possess, have gone the round and made the conquest of the world. Mr. Anderson shows that this effect is in some sort justifiable enough, inasmuch as wood-cutting is one of the oldest forms of Japanese pictorial art. Itself a development of block-printing, which, practised in China as early as the end of the sixth century, was, according to Mr. Satow and our author, a religious industry in Japan at most a hundred years later, it has a history of its own which commences upwards of a thousand years ago. The earliest example extant is a block of pear-wood, ascribed to Jikaku Daishi, who was one of the luminaries of the Buddhist School, and who died in 864; and Mr. Anderson quotes besides a portraiture of Indra, which is said to be the work of the priest Nichiren (1222–1282), and one of a set of Devā Kings, ascribed to a certain Riōkin, and dated 1325, which, a century older than the famous "St. Christopher," is good enough artistically to have come a hundred years after it. Adapted to book illustration some time in the fifteenth century (there is an example in the British Museum dated 1502), the art, if art it could be called, appears to have stood still for hundreds of years. It existed as the handmaid of popular religion, and as an aid to the novelist and the historian; but it made no real progress before the revival (1670–1680) of the Ukiyō-yé of Matabei. Then arose that Hishigawa Moronobu whose "bold designs," says Mr. Anderson, "covered nearly the whole of the ground since cultivated by Hokusai and his followers"; and with "the almost contemporaneous foundation," by Torii Kiyonobu, of the Theatrical School, which existed for the production of cheap portraits of actors and courtesans, the great age of Japanese xylography began. The reproduction of Moronobu's work was "in itself an education for the engravers," and his example bore fruit on every hand. In 1707 Ōoka Shunboku issued his *Gwashi Kwai-yō*, "the first of an invaluable series of copies from pictures by the famous Japanese and Chinese masters"; and seven years afterwards Tachibana no Morikuni began the publication of a series for students and artisan de-

\* *The Pictorial Arts of Japan*. Part III. By William Anderson, F.R.C.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

signers. Album followed album; there was a vast and steady stream of illustrated handbooks, novels, romances, and caricatures; artist after artist appeared and grew famous; and the Popular School, contemned and disregarded by the classes as it was, became for the masses a necessary of life, and seduced to its practice some of the strongest and rarest of contemporary talents. Much, and that of the best, was produced in black and white; but side by side with the heirs of Moronobu, the great school of chromo-xylography—the school of the Katsugawas and the Toyokunis, of Utagawa and Hokusai—was fast growing to perfection. It began, as we have seen, in the last years of the seventeenth century; it culminated between 1765 and 1785 in the single-sheet pictures of Katsugawa Shunshō and Torii Kiyonaga; it remained impeccable and incomparable for twenty-five years longer—the period of Toyokuni and Utamaro, of Hokusai and Kitawa Masonobu, of Yeishei and Yeisan; and it went utterly to grief after 1830, when European pigments came in, and the delicate and daring harmonies of the elder masters became, first impossible, and then old-fashioned and unpopular. Just now, as we learn, there is a sort of small Renaissance, the work of men like Yeitakū and Bairai and Kiōsai; but to all intents and purposes the art of xylography is extinct. Hokusai and Hiroshigē have long since disappeared; Yōsai is dead, and the last volume of his immortal *Zenken Kojitsu* is already over twenty years old; the new year's cards and theatrical pictures, once so good as art and so pleasing as colour, have come to be worthless as their Western prototypes; and they who wish to study the perfections of Japanese wood engraving must do so in the British Museum or in collections like Mr. Anderson's own and those of MM. Burty and Théo. Duret.

Two of the three chapters on "Technique" are devoted to the description of the painter's materials:—the four sorts of paper, the several qualities of silk, the three species of wood, on which he produces his designs; the two principal kinds of ink—*Nanto-sumi*, which is native, and *Kara-sumi*, which is Chinese—in which he sketches them; the thirty or forty simple and compound colours, and the gold, silver, bronze, and mica which he employs to finish them; and the nine principal forms assumed by the brushes—made of the hair of the deer, the racoon-faced dog, the fox, the marten, the hare, the rat, the cat, the goat, and, failing these, of rice-straw—with which he executes them. The third and last, which treats of "Manipulation," had best be studied in connexion with the final portion of the work, the section on "Characteristics." It remains to add that most of the illustrations in this Third Part are worthy in every way of their predecessors. We confess to caring little for some of them—the "Hawk and Wildgoose," for example, of the present century; the photogravure after Togakusei Shikiō, "The Wind that Sways the Willow Boughs"; the "Falcon" of Itaya Keishū; the "Cranes" (even) of Ōkio, and the "Monkey" of Shiūhō. The "Fish" and the "Monkeys" of Mori Sosen, however, are admirable; so are the examples of Tanyu and Yōsai and Kano Motonobu; and so are Bunrin's "Spring Morning on the Yodo" and the group of Japanese beauties after Katsugawa Shunshō. The two last, both executed by Greve of Berlin, are among the best things in chromolithography we remember to have seen. It would be difficult to praise them too highly, so true are their relations and so exquisite is their effect.

#### THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.\*

THE third volume of this artistic periodical shows no deterioration in illustrations or letterpress. The high average quality of the engravings continues to be a notable feature, while the variety and interest of the literature are precisely what is looked for in a magazine that appeals to all classes of readers. Few people read the whole of a magazine with scrupulous care and unexhausted delight, though every one loves to dip into its multifarious contents with a luxurious sense of a wide field and abundant material. Not a few of the engravings in this handsome volume are admirable examples of delicate and finished woodcutting. The technical characteristics of Mr. G. L. Seymour's painting are very skilfully rendered in Mr. R. Taylor's engraving "A Sheik," which forms the frontispiece, and in "My Sweet-heart." Among the landscape subjects, Mr. Lacour's "Dinan," after a drawing by Mr. H. R. Robertson, and his very sympathetic rendering of Mr. J. R. Wells's "Rye," must be classed among the finest work of this accomplished engraver. Another beautiful example, with an atmospheric quality scarcely less subtle, is the "Ross Castle" (p. 136), though we scarcely expected to find, in a magazine so carefully printed, one of the choicest engravings in the volume backed by another on the preceding page. The descriptive articles that form one of the most popular and attractive sections of the magazine are unusually interesting. Mr. Alfred Ainger's delightful paper on Charles Lamb and his associations with Hertfordshire is illustrated by reproductions of old sketches, and by drawings of Ware, Amwell, and Mackery End, by Mr. Fitchew. Mr. H. R. Robertson's pleasant article on the people and scenery of the Côtes du Nord is accompanied by some clever drawings by the author. "Old Chester" and the Charterhouse find expressive delineation in Mr. Railton's sketches. The fascinating aspects described in Mr.

Becker's "Decayed Seaports" are presented with good effect, though unequal force, in a series of drawings by Mr. Wells. These and other topographical articles are naturally rich in suggestion to artists. Considering the embarrassing wealth of material, the choice of subjects in all instances shows a judicious avoidance of iteration. Differing greatly in subject and treatment from these present-day sketches is Mr. Austin Dobson's animated and picturesque article "In Leicester Fields," with its reproductions of old water-colours and prints from the British Museum. It is scarcely possible, and at this date quite needless, to indicate all that is noteworthy in the new volume of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. We can only conclude with another word of praise for the good work it exhibits in both departments.

#### A SHORT HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT.\*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Skottowe shows some knowledge and industry in this "Short History," he has not succeeded in giving a satisfactory account of his subject as a whole. It is almost superfluous to criticize his treatment of the origin and rise of Parliament, and the gradual growth of its powers during the Plantagenet and Lancastrian periods, for twenty-five pages suffice to land him in the sixteenth century. Yet even in this hasty summary there are one or two matters that call for remark. "The Anglo-Saxon Witenagemot," he says, "was an assembly of the most important officials of the kingdom, summoned by special invitation from the King," a definition which hardly expresses the right of the bishops to take part in the deliberations, which seems to exclude the abbots, and which is, perhaps, too narrow even as regards the king's thegns below the rank of ealdormen. And we should be glad to know where Mr. Skottowe finds that the members of the Assembly attended in virtue of "special invitation," or personal summons, and whether he had any idea of the import of his assertion that they did so. For it was the introduction of the practice, which had become settled by the reign of John, of specially summoning certain members of the National Assembly that, according to some authorities, gave rise to our Parliamentary Constitution. Again, while it is certainly true that the Great Council of the Norman kings was looked on by the English as identical with the Witenagemot, it is strange that in an attempt to trace the origin of Parliament no notice should be taken of the change in the character of the Assembly that followed the introduction of the doctrine of tenure. And, whatever the Assembly may have been, we are unable to trace the existence of "the fiction that the Witan governed the country" in Norman times. The view given of the character of Edward I. strikes us as singularly feeble; and we certainly had a right to expect some clear statement of the nature of the Assembly he may almost be said to have created, some explanation of the system of Estates, and some account of the process by which political power became vested in the three known to our Constitution. Passing by Mr. Skottowe's perfunctory and slipshod treatment of the first two centuries of Parliamentary history, we come to the reign of Henry VIII., where he evidently begins to feel more at home. Here, however, he disappoints us by the insufficient account he gives of the Parliament of 1523. By speaking of the advocates of the subsidy merely as "the King's party," he leads us to imagine that he is unaware of the character of the dispute that took place when the House met after the prorogation; the borough members had taken no part in the proceedings while the knights and gentlemen laid a tax on their own lands, and they were punished for their selfishness, for the knights after a fierce quarrel outvoted them, and imposed a like tax upon movables. Thanks to the guidance of Dr. Gardiner and Mr. Forster, the leading events in the struggle between Parliament and the Crown are treated in a better fashion; and though the improvement is not kept up, we again come on some respectable work in the chapters on the "Whig Oligarchy" and the "Inner Life of Parliament in the Eighteenth Century." In two or three places Mr. Skottowe has inserted large extracts from an earlier book he has published on the Hanoverian dynasty, a proceeding that, whatever may be said for it in the case of an author of acknowledged authority, can scarcely be commended in one who seldom writes anything that might not be stated with greater exactness or in better language. With the exception of a very fair sketch of the history of the first Reform Bill, the concluding portion of the book mainly consists of fragmentary notices of administrations and prominent politicians. Too much stress is laid on the oratorical powers or defects of each statesman, often to the exclusion of his other characteristics. This is likely to convey a false idea of the qualities which give men weight in Parliament, and leads Mr. Skottowe to speak too slightly of Castlereagh and to pass by Lord George Bentinck's wonderful mastery of details. Of Peel a fuller account is given. "It does not appear," we are told, "that he possessed a highly impressionable nature; it was rather that he was gifted with an unusual talent for perceiving and recognizing afar off the approach of the inevitable." It would, we think, be more correct to say that Peel was always open to impressions from others; that when he was not under the guidance of another he was waiting for some one to guide him; that he surrendered himself at one time to the Duke of Wellington, at another to

\* The English Illustrated Magazine, 1885-1886. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

\* A Short History of Parliament. By B. C. Skottowe, M.A., New College, Oxford. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886.



Cobden, and at other times to other guides; that he never educated his party, but was always being educated himself; and that he was so devoid of political foresight that he resisted changes manfully, only to yield to them at last with ruinous precipitation. Mr. Skottowe brings down his work to the meeting of the present Parliament. Although he is generally accurate in his facts, he occasionally blunders, rather probably through slovenliness than ignorance. In any future book he may write we hope that he will pay more attention to style than he has done here; that he will keep clear of the "Dodo," of "Atlas," and of "Mr. Guido Fawkes"; and, above all, that he will never again make the "wits" of Lord Melbourne's or any one's day "laugh" a whole sentence. It is too bad that writers who can never remind us of any of Mr. J. R. Green's excellences should persist in presenting us over and over again with a servile copy of one of the sentences in his works which we should most like to forget.

#### THE IMPERIAL ISLAND.\*

MUCH industry and an unfailing spirit of healthy good will call for a kindly notice. Mr. Hannevell, an American author, has undertaken to give England's chronicle in stone from Stonehenge and the Roman Wall down to Buckingham Palace, but with a marked preference for mediæval and especially for ecclesiastical monuments. The number of facts which he has collected from many authorities is really remarkable. The book does not quite attain the high level of precision which would make it an authority. At the same time it exhibits an intelligent perception of modern archaeology, and will, we believe, be useful in opening the eyes of the inhabitants of a country where there are no antiquities to the associations of an old historic land. The book is abundantly illustrated.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LÉON LEFEBURE'S *Renaissance religieuse en France* (1) is an interesting book, not the less interesting because it is a trifle sanguine. There is so much exaggerated respect about, not merely for the *fait accompli* (though even that may be respected too much), but for the fact which somebody fears may perhaps be going to be accomplished, that anybody who will make a stand and take a side boldly is a pleasing spectacle. Moreover the side which M. Lefebure champions is undoubtedly, in his own case and country, the right side. His object is to show, first, that, in spite of "le cléricalisme c'est l'ennemi," of laicizing of schools, of attacks on religious orders, and all the rest of it, the actual attitude of general opinion towards religion in France is not nearly so hostile as it was before and immediately after the Revolution of July; secondly, that the cutting off of State resources has been invariably followed by the rallying of voluntary effort in a much greater measure to the Church's side; thirdly (and here he gets into deeper water and more awkward currents), that there is nothing in Catholicism at all inconsistent with liberty and with the best aspirations of the "modern spirit." The argument on all three points is conducted valiantly, and on the first two, at any rate, with no small success. On the third, perhaps, M. Lefebure is less happy. The complaisance of the Roman Church in Ireland towards crimes revolting against the very spirit of Christianity, and towards a laxity of morality scarcely less repugnant to that spirit than actual crime, may not—we hope it never will be—imitated in France. But Churches which depend on popular favour have an ugly habit of doing something more than strain points to court that favour, and there is no reason for supposing that Ireland will have a monopoly of ecclesiastical profligacy.

M. Eugène Muller seems to be a kind of French Mr. Grant Allen. In *Science familière* (2) he has issued, or more probably re-issued, a considerable number of popular scientific essays on Deep-sea Dredging, Torpedo-boats, the Enemies of Crops, the Channel Tunnel, the Radiometer, Showers of Frogs, &c. &c. He is a sufficiently ingenious *vulgarisateur*—a term which is less contemptuous in France than our "popularizer"—and has the faculty of discoursing readably and, as far as we can judge, not inaccurately on a considerable variety of subjects. Even, however, from an indulgently non-specialist point of view he is a little superficial, especially in giving those sketches of the history and atmosphere, so to speak, of his subject which are necessary in such papers.

It has been hinted before now that a taste for M. Jules Verne is not universally found even where there is a very strong taste for the class of books to which he contributes. The author of *Les voyages extraordinaires* is not only too learned for some frivolous persons—too determined to convey in guise of extravaganzas a certain solid quantum of instruction in some ology or ography—but also too little of an adept in romantic character-drawing. However, he has a goodly *clientèle*, and *Robur-le-Conquérant* (3) (an engineer extraordinary, who careers about the

world in an electrically-driven air-ship with no very obvious purpose, occasionally repairing to an unknown island in the Pacific to refit and provision) will doubtless please them. Indeed, though the earlier parts of the book seem to us to suffer a good deal from the defects hinted at above, we shall confess with pleasure that the central scene—the escape of two unwilling passengers of Robur's who have grown desperate—is very well told and decidedly stimulant. The fight of the air-ship and a balloon, which occurs elsewhere, is also good in its way. There are in the book some of the little blunders without which a Frenchman's work would hardly be French. That "an American without a bowie-knife would not be an American" is a pleasant fancy by no means confined to M. Verne. But we certainly rub our eyes when we find M. Verne evidently supposing, and indeed explicitly asserting, that a bowie is a many-bladed pocket-knife.

*L'amour moderne* (4) is very much what might be expected from its title and its author. It is a series of papers on or connected with incidents of the scandalous chronicle of the last year or two. It contains hardly anything that can be called really offensive; and (it must be said) also hardly anything that can be called really amusing.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE September number of *Les Lettres et les Arts* (Boussod, Valadon, & Co.) shows no falling off from the ideal established by its predecessors. A portrait-etching of Alexandre Dumas *filz*, by M. Bonnat, full of character and *finesse*, forms the frontispiece, to which M. Léopold Lacour contributes an article that includes some interesting, if not profound, observations of the dramatist's theories as revealed in his works. The mystery of an evening landscape, with its glimmering atmosphere and brooding calm, are very finely rendered in M. Jules Breton's etching, "Le Soir dans les Hameaux du Finistère." The painter's poem on the same theme contains some happy descriptive touches. M. Achille Luchaire's paper on the influence and social position of queens in the Middle Ages is illustrated by some of the best plates in the number. M. Luchaire shows a commendable respect for twelfth-century art and civilization, and is by no means eager to credit the scandals of chroniclers. The tragic element in M. Guy de Maupassant's "L'Auberge" is very slightly treated in M. Eugène Burnand's etchings, though the imaginative power of this admirable study of the horrors of solitude in the wild wastes of the Alps should prove irresistible to an artist. A short paper by M. F. de Mély on the Fables of the Abbé Aubert is illustrated by three admirable reproductions of Marillier's designs and of Houdon's bust of the *fabuliste*. No reader of Aubert's dry didactics and tiresome diffuseness is likely to echo Voltaire's praise, though every one may delight in Marillier's spontaneity and invention.

*A Short History of Ireland* (Elliot Stock), by Mr. Christopher Page Deane, is a conscientious historical summary, though it wants the completeness and pregnant brevity implied by the title. The space devoted to the history of Ireland since the Union, compared with the disproportionate epitome of previous history, suggests a reversal of Byron's epigram of the novelist's treatment of love and marriage. The Union has called forth the full-length, while the meagre handling of the story of seven centuries represents but an unsatisfactory bust. Metaphor apart, and bearing in mind the special aim of the writer as set forth in the preface, Mr. Deane would have done better to have started from some epoch in modern times, such as the date of the Union or of Grattan's Parliament, and avoided a preliminary sketch. However, the greater portion of his compilation is carefully executed, and may be useful.

Readers of *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* will find no diminution of picturesque force in "Mr. Craddock's" *Down the Ravine* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) Birt Dicey, the boy-hero of this charming story, while shooting foxes in the Cumberland Mountains, Tennessee, finds in the dry bed of a stream traces of what he imagines to be gold, and is overwhelmed with the thought that he can gratify the one desire of his life, and buy a horse. He rashly confides his secret to Nate Griggs, a sly and scheming youth, who steals a march on his partner by obtaining a grant of the land where the supposed gold lies. In the end the glittering metal is found to be iron pyrites, and the fraudulent Nate cuts a sorry but impenitent figure, but not before the honest and ingenious Birt suffers fiery temptations, from the worst of which he is saved by the dramatic interposition of his small sister Tennessee. The pathos and psychological interest of this incident are revealed with an intense and burning art, while all the actors in the little drama are presented with astonishing individualism and vitality.

The Rev. J. Telford has collected much interesting information as to the history and vicissitudes of London Methodism in *Two West-End Chapels* (Wesleyan Methodist Book-Room). The author's minute research into the annals of the Wesleyan chapels in Hinde Street and West Street, St. Martin's Lane, naturally includes a good deal that appeals only indirectly to the general reader. The history of West Street Chapel, however, is rich in anecdotic reminiscences of John and Charles Wesley and other famous ministers, and scarcely less famous converts. With respect to Hinde Street Chapel, Mr. Telford concludes his history with some pertinent remarks on the impolitic conjunction of burdensome debts and aggressive evangelization, which until recently

\* *The Imperial Island: England's Chronicle in Stone*. By James F. Hannevell. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

(1) *La renaissance religieuse en France*. Par Léon Lefebure. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Science familière*. Par E. Muller. Paris: Delagrave.

(3) *Robur-le-conquérant*. Par Jules Verne. Paris: Hetzel.

(4) *L'amour moderne*. Par L. Ulbach. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

was the chief feature of London Methodism. Now that financial difficulties have disappeared, the work of Wesleyans in the West-End "is reduced to the smallest proportions," a condition of affairs which Mr. Telford naturally deplures.

*Misfits and Remnants* (Boston: Ticknor) is the odd title of a series of short sketches by L. D. Ventura and S. Shevitch, the best of which is the brightly-written and pathetic story of "Peppino," which illustrates the singular integrity of a little Italian shoeblack in New York.

A brief tract by Mr. Goldwin Smith, entitled *False Hopes* (Cassell & Co.), supplies, in compact and admirably lucid form, a refutation of the more mischievous fallacies of current Socialism. Its logical method, strong common sense, and terse expressive style constitute an excellent antidote to the pernicious sophistries of social reformers which disturb, if they do not delude, the unthinking masses.

Mr. Ainslie Coates, the translator of *Letters of Frederick Ozanam* (Elliot Stock), has done well to interpolate a biographical narrative that serves to give coherence to correspondence that needed some expository comment. The present volume concludes with the marriage of Ozanam, and his election to the chair of foreign literature in the Sorbonne. In a greater degree than most literary correspondence, these letters require in the reader full acquaintance with the author's writings in order that their biographical value may be appreciated.

*In the Light of the Twentieth Century* (Hodges) is so appalling a forecast of the days when the individual shall wither and the State shall exercise an enervating tyranny, that we feel relief in attributing it to the indigestible supper of broiled bones and loaded champagne of which the author partook before the prophetic affluatus visited him. The strange social and political conditions in this wild fantasy are presented with a good deal of persuasive force. They have a material basis in the dreams of enthusiastic reformers as well as in the prosaic circumstance of an indiscreet supper.

*The Vision of Gold*, by Lillian Rozell Messenger (Putnam's Sons), is an intensely mystic poem compacted of vision and symbolism that are somewhat intangible and of imagery that is occasionally confused. Some of the shorter poems in the volume are much less exalted, and show a more artistic accord between the metrical structure and the poetic conception. The poetry generally suggests the assimilative faculty always well developed in young versifiers, though we find transient, yet convincing, evidence of a spirit that may yet obtain spontaneous utterance.

*A Handbook of Christian Symbols*, by Clara Erskine Clement (Boston: Ticknor), is a rather cumbersome guide to the legendary history of the saints as depicted in the works of the Old Masters. The alphabetical arrangement of the material may prove useful to American travellers, but the book cannot be said to supersede the works of Mrs. Jameson and others. The majority of the woodcuts after French and Italian masters are poor and ill-printed.

Mr. W. A. Shenstone's technical manual, *The Methods of Glass Blowing* (Rivingtons), is a useful and handy volume, designed for the practical needs of physical and chemical students. It is well illustrated, and commendably concise and explicit in style.

From Messrs. Smith & Son, of Charing Cross, we receive *The Tape Indicator Map of London*, an ingenious and simple aid to the foreigner or country visitor in the wilderness of London. The map is comprehensive and legible, and the use of the tape, as an index, we have tested and found unailing.

We have received *My First Crime* (Vizetelly), an English version of M. Gustave Macé's professional experiences; *Sweet Briny*, a collection of songs and sketches from *Quiz* (Edinburgh: Menzies); *Partiality in Unity: a View of the Universe*, by "One of its Parts" (Wyman & Sons); *One Year's Rescue Work* (St. Giles's Christian Mission); *Go-to-Bed Stories*, by Mrs. La Touche Hancock (Vickers Wood); the thirteenth volume of Mrs. Dobell's *In the Watches of the Night* (Remington & Co.); the *Directory of Girls' Societies, Clubs, and Unions*, compiled by S. F. A. Caulfield (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and Mr. Henry Sell's *Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses*, the third quarterly issue.

Among our new editions are Mr. W. M. Rossetti's *Memoir of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (John Clark); *The Europeans*, by Henry James (Macmillan & Co.); the fourth edition of Mr. W. A. Whitworth's *Choice and Chance* (G. Bell & Sons); shilling illustrated editions of Mrs. Ewing's *Melchior's Dream*, &c. and *We and the World* (G. Bell & Sons); and *Blind Olive*, by Sarson C. J. Ingham (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union).

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